

The Conduit

Queen's University Magazine, February, 1987

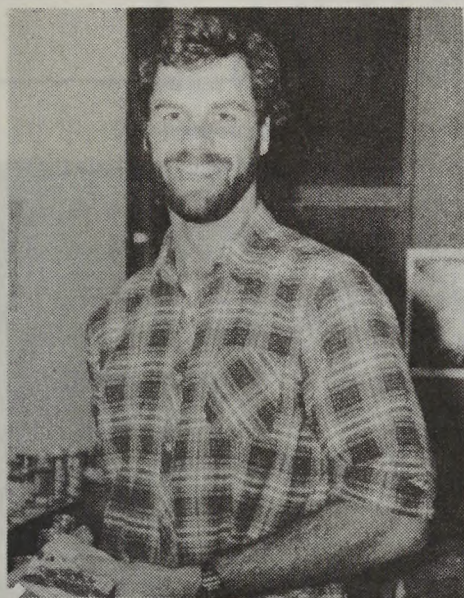


Education in the Prisons • Bermuda
Olympic Athletics
Permanent Students • Women Professors

STATSPAGE

Litres of beer consumed weekly at campus pubs: 6354
Litres of milk consumed weekly at Leonard Cafeteria: 5900
Litres of water in the PhysEd Centre pool: 1,000,000
Number of quarters spent in the campus arcade last November: 16,235
Income of Queen's underground parking lot in 1986: \$212,000
Number of copies of the Journal printed every year: 305,350
Number of books in Queen's libraries: 1,632,468
Number of other items (periodicals etc.) in Queen's libraries: 2,500,000
Number of animals killed for research each year at Queen's: 30,000
Percentage of Queen's student population from Ontario: 86.29
Percentage of Queen's students from private school: 8.5
Percentage of tuition which now goes to student interest fees: 9.9
 In 1976: 11.6
 In 1966: 13.3
Percentage of 1982/83 humanities grads in Ontario employed after 1 year: 61.9
Percentage of 1982/83 engineering grads employed after one year: 81.2
 Annual salary of full professor at Queen's: \$64,118
 Annual salary of associate professor: \$49,306
 Number of full and part-time faculty at Queen's: 1085
 Number of general support staff: 1300
Percentage of students in faculty of Engineering who are women: 16.6
Percentage of students in Fine Arts who are women: 70.9
Percentage of Canadian university students who graduate in four years: 49
 Number of times the Golden Gaels have won the Vanier Cup: 2
 Size, in feet, of a single dotted line on the 401: 10
Millions of lbs. of steam produced annually by Queen's Central Heating Plant: 55
 Number of doors in Watson Hall: 594
Percentage of Queen's General Operating Funds provided by government: 61.7
Number of Jim Hughes, stacked head to foot, needed to reach the top of Princess Towers: 42.7
Number of Jim Hughes needed to reach the top of the CN Tower: 298.8
 Average number of muffins sold daily at the Sidewalk Cafe: 635
 Average number of muffins stolen daily at the Sidewalk Cafe: 60
 Approximate cost of items stolen from Saga in 1985: \$20,000
Approximate number of students hospitalized after 1984 greasepole: 32
 Average tuition fee in Ontario: \$1400
 Average tuition fee in Quebec: \$620
Number of calls received by Kingston's Sexual Assault Crisis Centre in 1985: 1,094
Cost of one month's care for an infant at Queen's Co-operative Day Care Centre: \$450
Number of rolls of toilet paper used annually at Queen's (excluding Residences): 54,600

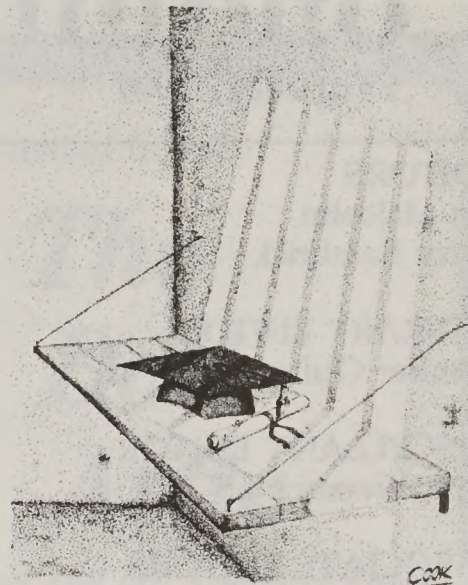
The Conduit



Permanent Students 4



Amateur Athletics 25



Education in Prisons 6

Articles

Permanent Fixtures: <i>By Ian Smith</i>	4
Two students who consider themselves at home.	
Sentenced to Ignorance: <i>By Amber Mccart</i>	6
Funding cuts and institutional blocks are hurting education in prisons.	
Doing Outlook: <i>By Jennifer Oulton</i>	10
A happy staffer records her impressions of Camp Outlook.	
The Computer Circuit: <i>By Rick Wybou</i>	19
The benefits & problems of computing at Queen's.	
Off the Tenure Track: <i>By Sue Donaldson and William Kymlicka</i>	22
Despite promises, women are still far behind men in faculty positions at Queen's.	
Under Pressure: <i>By Jan Borowy and Heather Clarke</i>	25
Canada's Olympic athletes are often impoverished, mistreated professionals.	
Bermuda: not a bad place to live: <i>By Rosemary Jones</i>	29
Spiny lobsters, wild pigs, psychedelic fish...and no income tax.	

Departments

Conduit Statistics: <i>Staff</i>	1
Town and gown trivia.	
On the Cover: <i>By Alison Holt</i>	2
Brenda Andrews discusses printing with humour and gorillas.	
Short Story: <i>By Stephen Smith</i>	13
Rat Tales.	
Miscellany: <i>By Scott Warwick</i>	16
Lost coins, dust demons, historical cab drivers, and more.	
Poetry: <i>By Paul Beck</i>	32
University Playschool.	

The Conduit

February, 1987

EDITORS

Ian Malcolm
Larry Bambrick

LITERARY EDITOR

Jennifer Oulton

MISCELLANY EDITOR

Scott Warwick

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Ian Carter
Jennifer Condlin
Bryn Harris
Jennifer Mealey
Heather Richards

GRAPHICS

Peter Cook
Sheila Greenland
Hugh Hodges
Anthony Jackson
Laura Suzuki
Alan Wong
Connie Morris

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alan Wong
Rosemary Jones
Jennifer Butt

BUSINESS MANAGER

Lucy Girgis

MARKETING DIRECTOR

Anthony Jackson

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Beth Larabie
1000 Islands Publishers Ltd.
The *Queen's Journal* staff.
Mary Byrnes

The Conduit is published four times yearly by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. Opinions expressed are the sole responsibility of the authors and the editors, and are not necessarily those of the university, the AMS, or its officers. Contributions are welcome from any member of the Queen's community, but especially from students. All rights are reserved, contents copyright 1986. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the editors. The Conduit, John Deutsch University Centre, Queen's University, Kingston Ontario K7L 3N6. Inquiries: 545-2736. Printed by 1000 Islands Publishers Ltd., Gananoque, Ontario.

ON THE COVER

By Alison Holt

"My understanding of the world is visual," says Brenda Andrews, a third-year Fine Arts student, who created the cover of this issue. "That's how I express myself."

Andrew's stone lithograph, entitled "Portrait of My Mother", is based on a drawing of a gorilla from her sketchbook. Some readers may interpret the print as angry and misogynistic, but she is quick to point out that the underlying intention is lighthearted.

"It's not meant to be an insult to my mother—or anyone's mother," she stresses.

The interpretation of the print is left up to the reader. "A lot depends on the viewer—a lot of people think its evolutionary, but that isn't really the meaning."

Andrews says the monster-like face reminds her of an expression of her mother's. "It struck me as funny," she says with a laugh. "But she hasn't seen it yet."

Humour is an important factor throughout Andrews' work. "I'm fond of things that are humorous in ways—it's good to have humour in art. It's nice to have a bit of zaniness."

Andrews used limestone to create her print. A chemical process takes place that transfers the ink from the stone to the paper. Limestone, she says, gives the print "a special quality."

She created the caption under the face was spray painting brass letters directly onto the stone before the lithograph process took place. Andrews says the reason she spells of "ov" is simple, and does not have deeper meaning. "I didn't have an F!"

Andrews is presently involved



Brenda Andrews.

mainly with print and painting, which are two important elements of her third year curriculum. At this point, Andrews is "working on a large scale," painting canvases that measure four feet by six feet. She is honing her artistic skills, and trying to develop a unique style. "I don't think I have the style yet that I will work with for the rest of my life."

Andrews has already graduated with degrees in science and education. But fine art suits her visual interpretation of the world better than the precise, structural world of science. Right now she is concentrating on her art, and planning to incorporate it into future career plans. "I think I'll teach art for awhile. But eventually I would like to be a painter."

Alison Holt is a fourth-year politics major, and a regular contributor to The Conduit.

Apology: We regret that we cannot print a letter received in reply to Carol Toller's Commentary on the West Edmonton Mall, published in the December 1986 issue of *The Conduit*. The letter criticized Toller's claim that Edmonton has a "massive inferiority complex." Unfortunately, the letter has been lost. We welcome all letters, however, and now have a safe place to keep them.

CUBIST DOG

ENTERPRISES

17 Van Order Dr. Apt. 7-203, Kingston
GRAPHICS SERVICE

Posters
 Pamphlets • Invitations
 Signs

We meet all your graphic needs!

Anthony Jackson
 549-2750

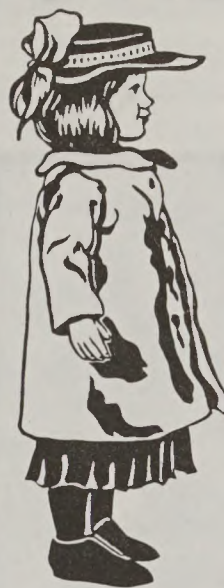
Fraser Symington
 547-5422

- Fast
- Efficient



- Pick up & Delivery

you are invited to visit



The Doll Attic

A doll and gift specialty shop

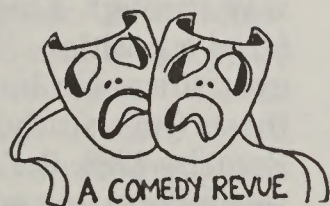
Historic Woolen Mill Centre,
 4 Cataraqui Street,
 Kingston

Tues. - Sat. 11 am - 5 pm

545-1085

BY POPULAR DEMAND

SOMETHING
 STUPID THIS WAY
 RETURNS



EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY FROM
 JANUARY 23rd to FEBRUARY 21st at

theatre

(370 KING ST. WEST, OPPOSITE ST. MARY'S OF THE LAKE)
 - FOR RESERVATIONS CALL 546 5460

\$5.00 THE TICKET

CURTAIN: 8:00 PM



introduces the Summa Fund.

A unique opportunity to invest in your ideals.

The Summa Fund's strict guidelines screen out companies associated with weapons manufacturing, politically repressive regimes, gambling, tobacco, alcohol, or activities that harm the environment.

For more information about
 SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE
 INVESTING call GARY DRAKE

542-4941—Office.
 546-4713—Evenings.

QUALIFIES FOR RRSP

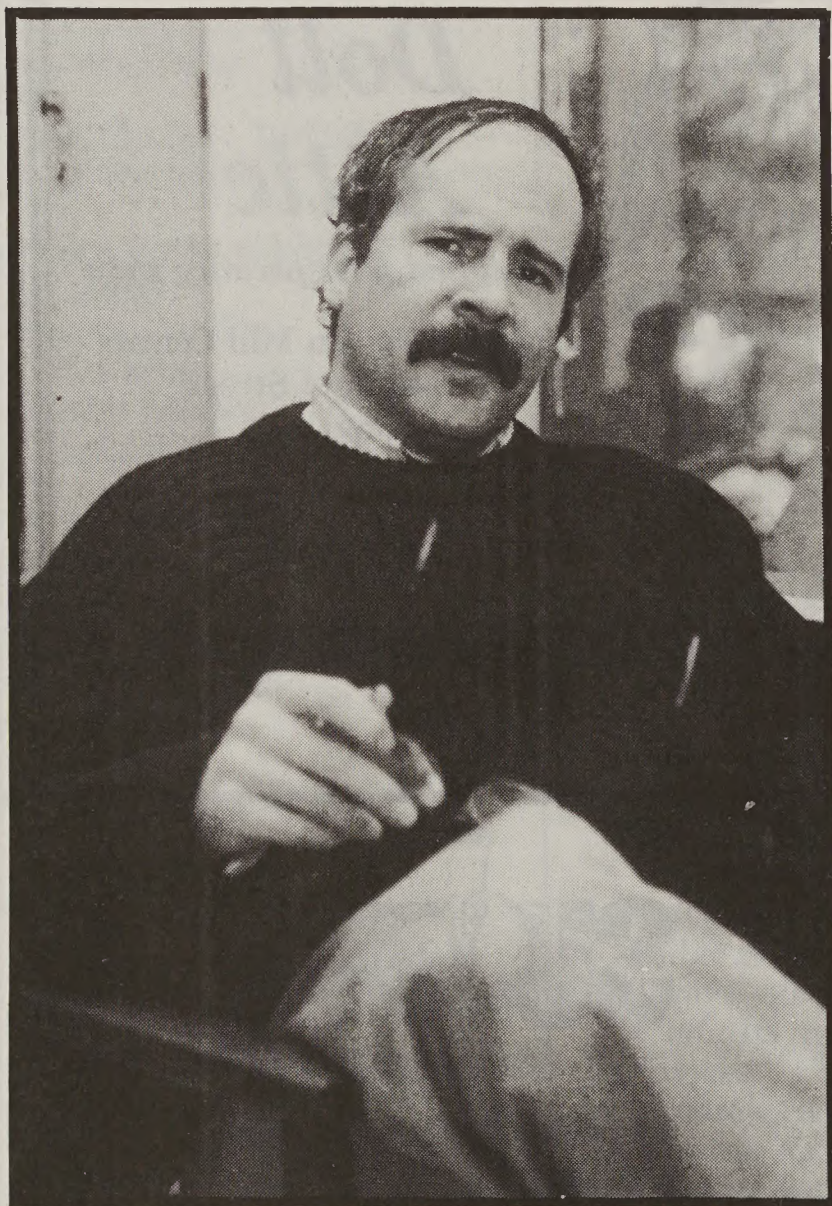


Investors Group

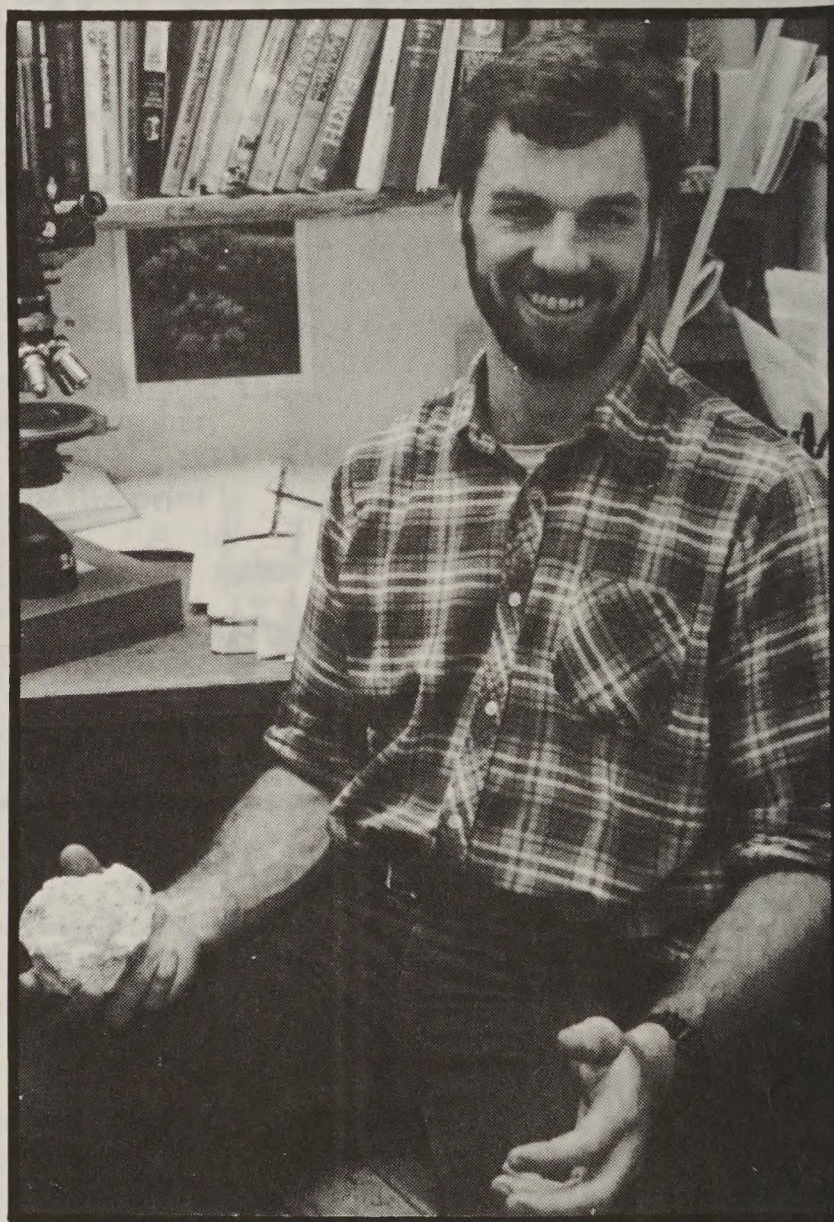
PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE

Permanent Fixtures

By Ian Smith



David Torrance: PHD Hist. 9



Hardolph Wasteneys: Rock of Ages.

Most students spend only three or four years at Queen's, happy to get their degree and move quickly on. But there are some who have been students at Queen's for what must seem like ages to most of us. To find out what it is that keeps these students here, and what their extended stay has shown them about Queen's, Kingston, and life in general, **The Conduit** talked to two such students—David Torrance and Hardolph Wasteneys—who between them have spent over twenty years at Queen's.

Hardolph and I chatted in his office in Miller Hall surrounded by

boxes of rock samples, geological maps, shelves of scientific texts, various bits of scientific-looking equipment, great lengths of computer print-outs, a broken oar, a pair of cross-country ski poles, and photographs of the great outdoors. It is not surprising that Hardolph has made his mark on the office where he does much of his work: he has had four years as a Masters geology student to accomplish that. Hardolph first came to Queen's twelve years ago as a member of Science '79. After his first degree, Hardolph worked and travelled for 3 years, before returning to

Queen's in 1982. "I decided to stop in for a social visit at Queen's on the way through Kingston (and) I offered a position." He's been here ever since. He hopes to finish his thesis (he's studying a field site in Peru) by 1988, (he's studying a field site in Peru), but admits that he gets "a little more attached to Kingston each year."

I found David Torrance in his office in Watson Hall. He was working at a small patch of clear space on his desk which was otherwise covered with books, ranging in topic from lacrosse to the history of the British Empire in Africa, to the

the British Empire in Africa, to the thought of Edmund Burke. In the same unhurried way as Hardolph had, he told me what life is like in one's *eleventh* year as a history student at Queen's.

David appeared at Queen's in the fall of 1976 after getting a B.A. at Washington and Lee College in Virginia, and then his M.A. at Brown. Between those two degrees David was "an ammo officer in the army who didn't do much of anything but try to hide his incompetence."

After his year at Brown, David came to Queen's because of the school's reputation, and because his area of study is the British Empire. ("It's not quite England, but it's closer than the states.") Now almost eleven years later, David is working on "polishing" his eight hundred page thesis, and teaching a first-year history seminar.

Both David and Hardolph started their graduate school careers pursuing their work in a very business-like manner. "But," as Hardolph sees it, "my attitudes about what I want out of life have changed. Now I know that other things are important to balance my physical and intellectual pursuits. Getting too wrapped up in your work can make you a pretty boring person." In search of that balance Hardolph participates as a member of the Queen's Rowing team, and is an avid cross-country skier. He has also competed in several triathalons.

David agrees that achieving a balance in life has made his extended years here happy ones. But he has pursued that equilibrium in a far different manner. After spending his first two-and-a-half years here working "very hard," David began to establish a more equal relationship between studying and socializing. "I met lots of nice people here. I've developed a nice social life. I'm still working, but I'm enjoying life, a full intellectual *and* social life."

Almost certainly it is these relaxed attitudes that have allowed Hardolph and David to endure what many of us would find difficult. But both insist that one does not have

to "endure" life here; the Queen's and Kingston communities are special for them. When asked if they had any regrets about spending so much time here, both scoffed at the suggestion. "Kingston is an easy place to acquire pleasant habits and routines like Friday afternoons at the pub with friends," confides David. "I have no tremendous feeling that I should leave. From Kingston one can only move downhill."

Both David and Hardolph felt compelled to compare life in Kingston to life in Toronto. "I'm far more comfortable in Kingston than I would be in Toronto," said Hardolph. "It's not a rat race here. You're close to the countryside, you feel part of things, you can get to know Kingston."

David also noted that it was the serenity of Kingston that made it special. "Some people like big cities, but people have a tendency to be a self-important and in a hurry in those places. You know—I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date! People here are willing to shoot the breeze—I like that."

He believes that the feeling at Queen's is also more relaxed. "The atmosphere is not unlike Oxford (where David spent a year researching). We need a few more spires and a little more age, but the pace of life is the same."

In fact, David is overflowing with praise for Queen's. "Instead of calling Queen's the Harvard of the north, we should be calling Harvard the Queen's of the south." At length he compared Queen's to the Ivy League, finding at Queen's an intellectual community with "less tendency to show-off and more tendency to show real concern about today's social issues. In the states, people try to score points—living their lives playing Trivial Pursuit. Here there's less namedropping and more substance. Grad students are more independent and have more opportunity to be creative because there's less constant and stupid pressure from superficial and stupid rules. At Brown handing an essay in late was a big deal."

It is easy to tell that these two graduate students are also contributing to the education of others at Queen's. Both enjoy the teaching that they do, and speak about it with enthusiasm. David admits that "I like to talk. I like having an audience and cracking jokes," but emphasises that teaching is "very exciting. You never know where the class is going or what conclusions you are going to draw. I enjoy sparking thoughts in others." In turn, David finds teaching personally beneficial: "I come out of every class a little wiser."

Hardolph finds that teaching is "time consuming, but I quite enjoy it. There is a strong sense of satisfaction one gets from helping people understand things. It's very tiring—the question and answer sessions can be very intense—but I enjoy it."

Having both spent over a decade at Queen's, it is surprising to note that neither David nor Hardolph have noticed much change in the University. They claim that the people and their attitudes, the issues, the standards and the campus have all changed very little. Although David notes with considerable chagrin the referendum last year which outlawed smoking in the Quiet Pub. "I use to love the Q.P. I used to spend a lot of time there—but I smoke. I was heartbroken."

David may also be heartbroken when he leaves Queen's. Like Hardolph, he has created a pleasant and comfortable niche in life. They have both failed to exhaust the possibilities Kingston and Queen's have to offer—both intellectually and socially. Speaking to them made me think that many students who wake up on those slushy February mornings with that if-I-have-to-spend-one-more-day-here-I'll-die attitude would do well to learn from the laid-back approach these two have to school and life, and the serenity they've achieved here. Rather than something that starts after university, Hardolph said that "Life is what happens when you're planning what to do when you get out of here."

Ian Smith is a first-year law student.

Sentenced to Ignorance

By Amber McCart

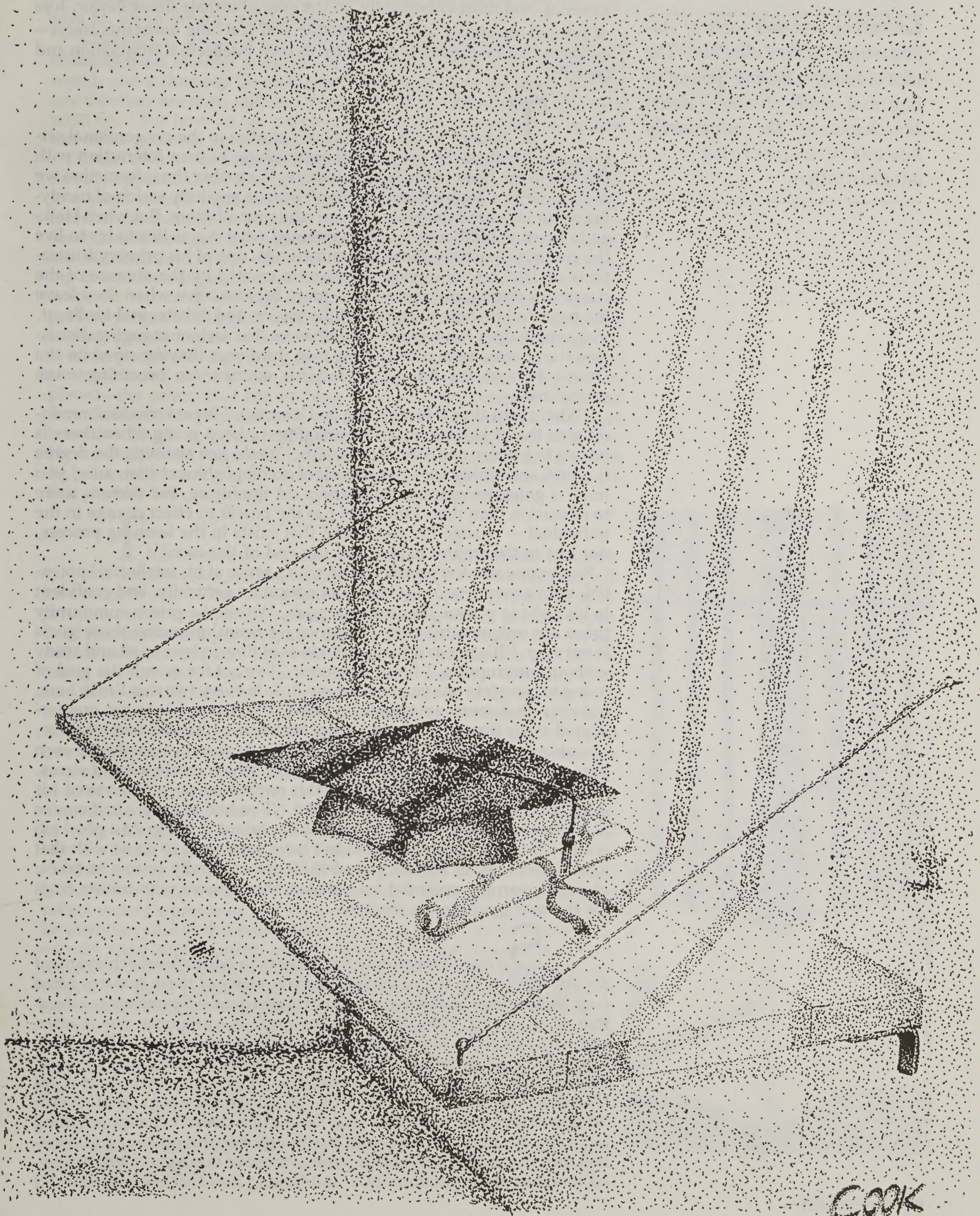
*there in the midst of it, so alive and alone, words support
like bones.*

Peter Gabriel

This article is meant to be a general review of university education in the prisons, but it's also going to discuss the human reality that stands behind the bare facts. It will be about the Queen's-implemented university program, but also about dignity and empowerment, potential for change, bureaucracies, red tape, priorities and cut-backs. It will be about the facile comfort we glean from assuming that the availability of education equates with accessibility, either inside or outside prison walls. And, in part, it will be about Brent Taylor, an inmate at Millhaven Institution who is among the forty-odd inmates of federal penitentiaries enrolled in courses at Queen's, and whose name some might remember in connection with the bombing of Litton industries a few years ago.

Darryl Dolan, an inmate from the Prison for Women, graduated from Queen's University in the fall of 1986, becoming the first individual to start and complete a Queen's degree from behind prison walls. Her success was partly due to a program purchased in 1981 by the Correctional Services of Canada (CSC) and presently run under the direction of Dr. Holden of the Department of Sociology at Queen's. This spring two more men from Collins Bay Institution will graduate with their B.A.s, and many more follow at their heels. Unfortunately, just as the program is finally beginning to achieve positive results, CSC is cutting its contract in half. Dr. Holden is not certain yet exactly how the cut will affect the program, but it's definitely going to hurt.

Faced with many institutionally and financially imposed constraints, Dr. Holden has struggled hard to try and make the program fit the needs of his inmate students; he advocates the transfer of inmates from one institution to another to improve their access to academic services, and helps students choose correspondence courses from other universities that meet with the degree requirements from Queen's. The program currently offers both lecture courses and some tutorial service, and aids in the administration of the correspondence courses. But even in its present form the program is fairly limited in scope; it is able to serve only five of the nine local institutions and to conduct only three classes per year. When only half the funds are available to administer the program, even Dr. Holden's creative efforts will be heavily taxed to maintain quality of service. What that may mean for the inmates presently involved in the program, or for those to come, is more constraints, less choice in academic



COOK

Education provides tools of empowerment to the individual. The idea of inmates having 'power' of any sort sends shudders down the backs of the necessarily security-conscious administration.

material, and most importantly, in the eyes of inmate Brent Taylor, loss of tutorial assistance and the dialogue that teaching assistants foster—dialogue that he considers critical to his own intellectual stimulation and growth.

Those of us who pursue our studies in the conventional setting often balk at the prospect of establishing human interaction with the face at the front of the lecture theatre. We gather the information we need to write a decent exam; we don't pursue any lofty vision of bandying about ideas and theories with our academic advisors. But when I talked to Brent at Millhaven and he explained what it was like to try to live the student life within those grey surrounds, one of his primary frustrations centred on the intellectual vacuum created by the absence of the classroom setting and instructors. Ideas become alive when they leave the page and become the object of discussion and debate; and for Brent, that simply does not happen at Millhaven. The lack of engaging discussion hurts even more now that he is in third year (having stood on the Dean's honour list this year) and his courses are becoming more specialized.

"Where I am alive is in studying and learning," Brent remarked, reminding us that it is hard, and discouraging, to keep going when there is no one to explore one's new ideas with. "Yeah, just attaining the degree is worth something too—it's a mark of accomplishment that, sure, you hope is going to 'get you somewhere' in the future, but there is more to education than that. Education has the power to effect change in the individual — change for good—and that exists in the learning process, not just in the trophy held out at the end of the race."

Brent came into the prison system with a sense of his intellectual potential, with awareness of the merits of education generally, and confident in his right to pursue his academic goals. Within the prison community those are unique attributes. And even for Brent, pursuing those goals is not easy. "It's not as if there's all kinds of time in here to sit and study without interruption," Brent observes. "I've set for myself the goal of trying to complete one year toward my B.A. in every two that I'm in here, but even that seems unrealistic at times. It's impossible to get uninterrupted study time—we spend a lot of hours being herded here or there, or waiting to be. And then I work (as a janitor) for some time during each day, and then there are personal concerns which create a lot of stress, and aren't easy to work through in this environment...." He raised his arms in frustration, and shook his head. "I've had to drop a half course just to maintain some inner peace. It's important to me to do a good job with each course, and I just couldn't have continued to do so with that load." Brent, as an inmate, pays \$40.00 per university course he takes; given the earning potential for inmates, this equates with tuition costs for the average Queen's student.

So even structurally the barriers to educational achievement are substantial. On top of these obstacles, many of these inmates come from backgrounds that never permitted them to consider university education as an option. "No, that's not for me," is a response one is often met with when the idea of university study is introduced. "They have this conception of people who attend university as being really brainy, and that they (inmates) are not—that they are on some lower level of intellectual potential," Brent observes. "And then there is a sort of reverse arrogance that goes with that—that 'education doesn't change anything anyway...it's just another one of the things that the prison administration tries to ram down an inmate's throat to make him a good little reformed member of his community,'" and buying into that package doesn't

sit well with maintaining your status in a place like Millhaven. And you have to, as an inmate, think about that.

"Education is a way of transforming the consciousness of people, of enabling them to enter a wider world. Inmates need to see that bigger world, and if they can do that, maybe they can leave the small, limited one that they see now, and find this better place," Brent stated, and then went on, "but how do we get guys to want this, to see how education can effect personal growth, and can do so for them?"

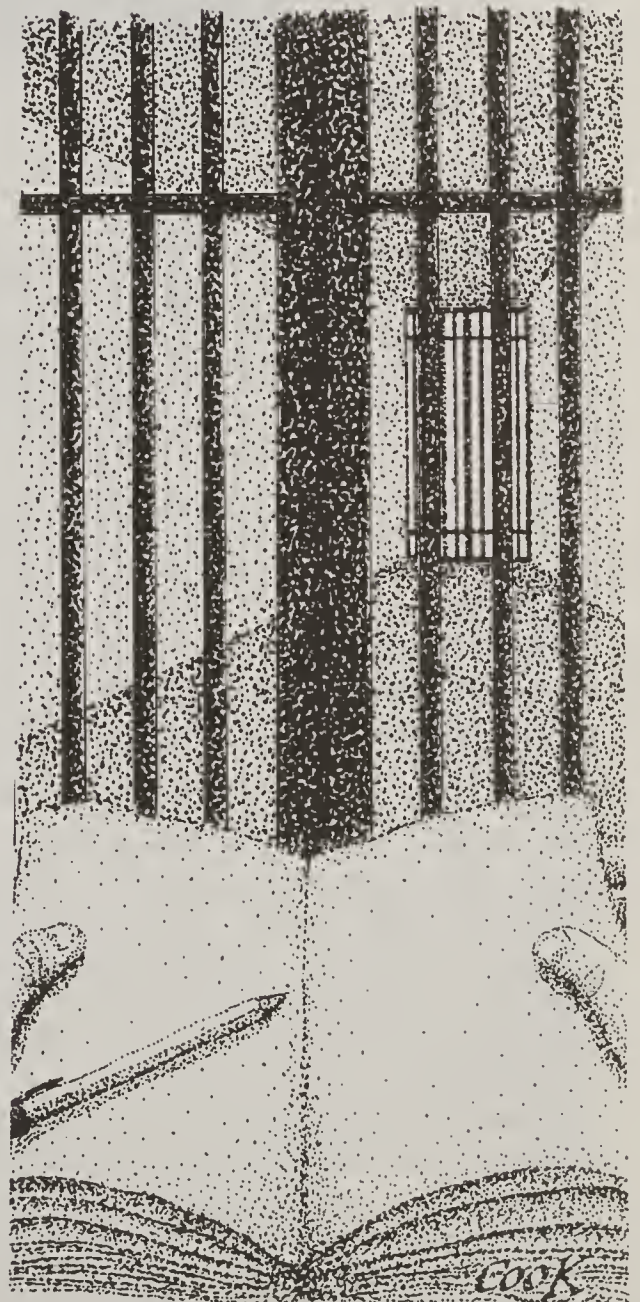
Prisons attempt to strip the individual of personal power, something directly opposed to the fostering of one's belief in one's ability, and right, to expand oneself intellectually. Education provides tools of empowerment to the individual. The idea of inmates having 'power' of any sort sends shudders down the backs of the necessarily security-conscious administration. And in that reality lies the most intimidating barrier to making university education more accessible within the prisons. Even with twice the resources and half the structural difficulties under which the present program struggles, university education will remain inaccessible to most inmates unless an inmate's belief in his own capacity and power to effect positive change in his own life is developed. He must be helped to strip himself of the prison within which he has allowed himself to be placed—the prison that has nothing to do with the concrete walls and bars that limit his physical mobility, but the one in which he may have been dwelling long before its physical counterpart caught up with him. He needs the kind of power that rids him of the limitations under which he believes he is going to function for the rest of his life, the kind of power that enables him to change his perception of his potential.

That kind of power does not create a greater threat to security, but it does increase the chances that an inmate's eventual release will be a successful one. But trying to integrate that type of rehabilitative effort into our prison system, rather than adhering to our present superficial efforts of providing programs that no one much believes in—the administrators because they don't much believe in the inmates, and the inmates because they don't much believe in themselves—does not even stand as a consideration by those presently involved in the system. And even those who fight to make services available to inmates cannot begin to address the battle on this other level. Beneficial services are tossed out into the institution with insufficient effort made either to get the inmate to a place where he values himself enough to take advantage of them, or to couch the service within an institution that focuses on empowerment of the inmate at this level. The nature of the system must be altered to make change and growth possible for a wider group of people—not just the Brent Taylors who bring that power in with them.

"Our society has a lot of growth to go through itself in order to get to the better place we're capable of reaching," Brent says. "These guys reflect society's problems and are a manifestation of them. There has to be attention paid to this painful picture of our society by those concerned with social improvement, and that is where people from Queen's have to address themselves to real-life situations. Convicts are real people. My wish is for these people to get beyond criminality. Education is one of the vehicles through which that may be realized." And Brent is right. We need a system that both works to provide adequate service, and recognizes the need to explore the feelings of anger and inadequacy that limit an inmate's use of that service. And when we institute a system that promotes a change in the very nature of the prison philosophy, Brent just may see that wish come true.

Amber McCart is in the fourth-year of a sociology degree. She received a law degree from Queen's in 1986.

"Where I am alive is in studying and learning." Millhaven inmate, Brent Taylor.



Doing Outlook



Butt

By Jennifer Oulton

On my first trip I sat hunched apprehensively in the Outlook van and stared out at the rain as we drew closer to Algonquin Park. From behind me I heard Andy, seventeen-year-old veteran camper, on my trip, scoff to a seatmate: "Oh, we get the tumps (packs). Sixty-five pounds at first, but they get lighter all the time; by day ten they're nothing! We don't have to carry the canoes. He-man and she-man (gesturing to my co-staff Pete and me) get to carry the canoes." I couldn't wait.

I was "doing a summer of Outlook," which is how we all describe it. Some friends have mentioned that this phrase sounds as if we were serving a prison term, which is not what we mean at all. I think we mean that we're "doing" something active.

To research this article, I delved into a brochure looking for the objective definition of what we do, and this is it: Eighteen or so of us spend the summer leading Kingston teenagers, referred from a variety of social agencies, on ten-day canoe trips in Algonquin Park. Last summer, Outlook trips took one hundred and fifteen teenagers to Algonquin Park and, according to my statistics, most were either old campers, or referred by the Childrens' Aid Society. Others came from Probation Services, or through local school boards. Some come to Camp Outlook because they've heard of it through word-of-mouth. For the staff, Outlook is a volunteer summer job, and they are offered free room

and board, intensive training, and a small per-trip stipend in return for enjoying being outside and having fun with teenagers.

The fun begins with staff-training, the first two weeks of June. 'Help', I intoned, a touch dramatically, to a friend who phoned, "I feel like I've joined a cult." A few months earlier Summer Camp Director Bruce had promised me the "best summer I'd ever have", and I was now mid-way through the rigours of staff training: Bronze Medallion, First Aid, basic water safety, canoe rescue, Outlook tripping philosophy, legal responsibilities, hypothetical trip situations, and a group meeting with Outlook's founder, Kingston psychiatrist Ron Kimberley. And that was just the first week.

On the first night, we all sat around a campfire and some strained to hear as Ron Kimberley quietly told us about the first Outlook trip, before the idea had a name. In the summer of 1969, Ron was a medical student at Queen's, working for the summer with troubled adolescents. He took one sixteen-year-old boy on a canoe trip, as a reward for winning some sports activity, and felt by the end of the trip that he had stumbled upon something of potential value for many adolescents: the ones that society hasn't really offered a fair chance. The trip, he observed, provided an opportunity for adolescents to get away from sources of conflict and areas of trouble in the city, and at the same

time, built confidence through physical activity and group interaction in a natural setting. The next summer, 1970, some of Ron's friends volunteered to lead canoe trips.

Later in the week, in between swims and first-aid sits, we learned more about Outlook's growth and expansion. Outlook alumni have since started two more canoe-tripping camps: Outlook Toronto and Outlook Hamilton. In 1976-77, enthusiastic Kingston summer staff organized the first season of Winter camp for Outlook. Now, Outlook winter staff lead weekend winter camping trips during January, February, and March. And since Outlook began, Follow-up activities have encouraged staff and campers to keep in touch with informal get-togethers on weekends throughout the year.

All week long, old Outlookers, campers and kids, kept dropping by the house to regale us with tales that had become Outlook legend. To our alternating frustration and amusement, we listened to animated discussions about obscure parts of the park we hadn't seen, and heard lively anecdotes about kids we hadn't met—yet. We were newcomers to the legacy of Outlook's seventeen-year oral tradition. A snippet of legend: Two intrepid but dumb Outlook staff try and discourage the animal making noises outside their tent at night. Thinking it is a raccoon, they struggle from their sleeping bags to confront the nocturnal nuisance, and deal masterfully with it. "You flick the Bic," said one to the other, "and I'll throw the rock." The bear was not amused.

Week two: Staff trip to the park, putting theory into practise and learning the joys of the portage trail. Old Outlook staff led the trips, taught us the basics, and helped us overcome any portage anxiety. To minimize stress, one staff-member started referring to her canoe as the "tin foil bitch." We all laugh nervously. Heh heh. "Uhh...just how hard is portaging?" "Well, the Grumman's weigh seventy-six pounds, but it's all a matter of balance." "Purely psychological." "You can rest whenever you want, just find teepee trees." (tripper-friendly trees with happy "v's" in them just waiting to receive tin foil-turned-leaden boats).

The first portage looms ahead. We assemble in a nervous cluster on shore and become Canoe-Heads. "And then what happened?" "Well, I walked three feet and slipped in loon shit (mud) up to my hip." Thus began a long summer of klutzy adventures culminating in the graceless swan dive I executed off a beaver dam on a cold rainy day in July. I conquered my fear of falling with the canoe on my head, though. At the end of the first portage, our leader Anne informed us slyly she had chosen it on purpose for its rotten muddy condition. We are busy frolicking in the lake in our underwear, too sweaty and elated to notice the astonishment of the middle-aged couple we meet.

But the summer really begins with kid trips. Outlook philosophy is a concept that gets mentioned often while one does Outlook, but the best definition I've heard is from past Outlook coordinator Marco Sivilot-



Butt

ti who calls it "the challenge to have the best trip possible. And that is a challenge precisely because Outlook establishes no set rules for interaction. On a good trip, the distinction between staff and camper gets blurred, and everyone works together. While you're out there, as an isolated group, you are Outlook. There is no imposed philosophy." Everyone's memory of a "best" trip has been the result of a happy combination of people and circumstances. I remember my first trip as a particularly lucky combination.

Anybody who saw the unintentionally circuitous route of my canoe on the first day of the staff trip would have been amazed at my sterning progress, but on the second day of my first trip we were paddling heavy winds on Lake Opeongo, the largest lake in the park. I was kind of scared, and the two veteran campers in my canoe were exhibiting marvellous restraint, not criticizing my paddling prowess. Ed grumbled once, and Andy, of "she-man" fame, had cut him off — "c'mon she's not that bad, she just needs practise!"

An Outlook wit once remarked: "There are two kinds of people; those who never get windbound on Opeongo, and the rest of us suckers." Us suckers were losing, and things felt a little tense. We rounded a corner into a larger bay and suddenly it was ludicrous to continue; Pete's canoe had pulled graciously ashore, and in my haste to follow, I turned us broadside to the waves. A split second was all it took, and we cap-sized, in shallow water. I saw Andy's six-foot form go flailing out of the canoe in a most undignified manner just before I wound up in the water myself. Ed came up spluttering, looking furious and about to explode. I was laughing at how funny Andy looked and half-heartedly retrieving soggy tumps when I connected with Ed's glare. In the time it took for his anger to register before I started thinking about how to deal with it, the smile didn't leave my face. And then a funny thing happened—Ed laughed too.

The value of a canoe trip lies in its surmountable stresses. In the city, many anxiety-ridden situations are perpetual and static; stress is a chronic condition plaguing just about everybody. But the essence of a canoe

trip is motion—you start somewhere, and you end somewhere ten days later, and from start to finish, the group plans it, and the group controls it. Most worries are practical and can be dealt with immediately. It may be "that six kilometre portage", or "keeping the fire going", but whatever it is, you don't have time to dwell on it and get really tense, you just do it. The result is feeling minimal stress relative to huge relief at continual success, meeting a series of challenges.

Being outside intensifies the experience. Kary Snider, past Outlook coordinator, mentioned the "blue and green theory" to me: "You paddle or walk and stare at trees, sky and water for hours every day and it's so relaxing. If things on the trip are going well, then everything's all right." "The most remarkable thing about the summer, when I think about it now," said this year's coordinator Sue Milne, "is how strongly you feel everything. There is so much feeling in a day, and each feeling is worked through."

On the fourth day of my first trip, I was feeling a near-pathological aversion to portaging. I recall sluggishly dragging my carcass over the first portage of the day—you know, "working through it." Ed had run his pack across and was coming back through the woods to help me. He found me winding my way disconsolately along the sunny path, stopping suspiciously often for sky-tree breaks. He was truly exemplary in patience, getting me fresh spring water, holding my canoe up for me, while I stretched languidly. "Ed," I said finally, trudging along, "distract me. Tell me about your family, or something." "Well, Jen," he said, "my sister," falling into step beside me, "is a membrane."

I called Ed last weekend. There is no such thing as a typical Outlooker, camper or staff, but Ed has been on more trips than me, over the years, and I wanted to know what he liked about Outlook. "When I first went, I loved it because it gave me a chance to get away. Now I love the challenges—making the record time on a portage, fixing a meal in the dark, or getting through big waves. I like the element of surprise—you never know when your canoe might tip, Jen. And the air of danger, sometimes—it's up to you not to do something stupid or careless. Also, there's a chance to meet people you wouldn't necessarily get a chance to meet."

Later in the summer, trotting along under my canoe, I would spot Ronald up ahead, the big tump and legs of elasticized pretzel material. Soon he would stop. Thump. Lying in a miserable heap on his tump, squinting up at me, he would say, "This sucks. I can't do it." "Yes, you can." We both looked at the trees. I would wait, looking unhurried and mildly concerned. Soon he would stagger off, and I would wait. Then I would lift my canoe back up, and trotting along under it, I would spot, up ahead, Ronald, the big tump and legs of elasticized pretzel material. Ernest, who led our staff trip, told us about stopping every ten feet on a six-kilometre portage to encourage a camper. I thought he was exaggerating.

Ten-day canoe trips are physically demanding and

can be mentally taxing. The same quirky combination of people and circumstances that can make remarkably good trip memories can also, with a different quirky combination, make for frustrations and difficulties. Usually the problems are minor and easily overcome. Frequent exhortations to "paddle!" might work.

Sometimes, the problems are more serious. During staff training, we were taught the details and implications of Outlook's safety policy. We learned emergency procedures for preliminary search and evacuation from the park, and our own legal responsibilities. Hypothetically, we dealt with the rare "worst-case" scenario: an AWOL or lost camper.

On the second day of my second trip, Brian disappeared around suppertime. It took us fifteen minutes to realize he was gone. We reacted quickly. The help we received from Park officials, the O.P.P., and the M.N.R. (Ministry of Natural Resources) was swift, efficient and thorough. Still, it was with a sense of detached amazement that we saw ourselves reacting to a crisis we had been trained to expect, but hoped would never happen. Forty-three hours later, a search helicopter found Brian walking along a logging road, sunburnt, a bit dehydrated and scared, but otherwise all right.

At the end of my third trip, Wendy and I sat on a small rock island within view of our campsite, smoking pine-needle cigarettes and watching the sun set. The campers on our trip had paddled us out there and issued firm instructions that we were to remain while they prepared supper. Laughter, shrieks and mild grumbles of disagreement wafted out to us. Detached from the group, Wendy and I started talking about the summer: "I know Outlook is for the kids, but I've learned so much about myself I'd say Outlook is just as much for the staff." I nodded, agreeing with her. But philosophizing was cut short as two canoes, four campers, utensils, cups and a precarious-looking stew pot began its steady approach from shore. Supper was ready.



Butt

Jennifer Oulton is a fourth-year History student. She "did" Outlook last summer.

Rat Tales

By Stephen Smith

I

Here's something: Zac the fanatic has rats in his attic. They won't go away! Nothing will rid them. He's plied the place with poison, but that doesn't agree with them. He's blown bullets at them with a pistol. It seems his thirst for blood outstrips the steadiness of his aim, though. Still they scurry. He's even piped jigs at them with a flute. Nope. Zac reads that Irish rats are suckers for a rhyme and die straightaway upon being serenaded in verse, but evidently Celtic rats these are not. They wouldn't know a rhyme if it bit them in the snout, much less Dublin. What to do? All razor teeth and mange, they burrow through mothballs to chew on old clothes. Abandoned clothes, houndstooth suits with roaring lapels from the twirling twenties, but sacred nonetheless. No rat has the right to chew what isn't his.

They keep to the attic. Attics have been called the funniest place in the house and who argues? Funny in every sense of the word and more. Amusing for games of sardines, and hide-and-seek, ready-or-not-here-I-come. Funny (strange or unexpected) for the things that are there. Zac's attic is full as a brim with things. Dust and must, mostly forgotten things. Boxes of mildew, steamer trunks that saw Constantinople when it was still such, crates long ago written off. Hat boxes and tailor's dummies from some time else. Skates, bits of busted furniture. Muddy photographs of summer and an uncle who went to Brazil and never came back. Letters on yellow paper—everyone wrote illegibly in those old days and perhaps that's what started all those wars, misunderstanding. Spineless books of Henty and Haliburton, magazines with pictures of the King and then his funeral. Sad things in piles, forget-me-nots amid packed pink insulation. Bats in the rafters to go with the rats in the floorboards, and to make the skin crawl. If there's a thing Zac hates next to rodents, it's vampires. He's woken up some nights to screechings in his sheets and, for these occasions, keeps a crucifix and cloves of garlics within rescuing reach.

And windows. Cobweb curtains, windows from which eyes were never meant to see. Half-mooned or octagonal-paned, glass smoked or cracked into veins, or distorted by age so that everything seems drunk or swimming. The streets below, the sky above.

The rats keep to themselves, squealing and nibbling, inciting squalor and disease. Zac hears them in the walls at night, plotting. He is at the end of his wits. What to do indeed? Quite by chance, a solution flies in his face. Reading a trade journal one night, Zac strikes upon the very thing. "Rid Yourself of Rats: Easy steps to Annihilation!" While this deals with persons bodily infested with the brutes, it holds truth for Zac also.

Potatoes, no less! The very vegetable that beat Ireland to its knees does away with all the rats in the attic of Zac the fanatic. Late at night, all stealth and slippers, Zac scatters potatoes 'round his loft. In and out, up and down. Not full whopping great things that you bake and butter, but their instant dehydrated scalloped cousins, which are best if people come by suddenly for supper. Ready in minutes flat. Just add water and boil away.

Rats, despite their wicked ways, generally think the best of intentions. Scattered potatoes? A treat as far as treats go for rats. Noses twitching, gobble-gobble. The food settles into their stomachs through the natural process of digestion. But! When the rats next drink water, it works in concert with those dehydrated scallops and swells, swells, SWELLS. Ready in minutes flat. The rats subsequently explode with a snap or just die fat. A horrid end, that's right. Rough justice, but poetic besides. No more rats but bloated rat corpses stuffed in awkward nooks. A small price, one Zac pays up no questions, for he sleeps tight with the knowledge that he is forever free of rodents, his mothballs are safe and the attic is once again his own.

II

Zac is blithering mad. Just when he thought that all was starbursts in life, that every rat in the house was dead, he is faced again with live ones.



One morning he ventures down to the cellar, to have a look around, for something mislaid, to see if this is where socks stolen in the laundry go. It is dark, furnace-black. Shadows crawl out from corners and draw back. An anvil shifts its weight, creaking like a banjo. There is a great cistern, the Dead Sea to Zac, that fills the air with water. This is a grave to garden furniture, cryptful of florid, wrought iron ottomans and tabletops, and chairs that have grown together these last useless years. Look at all the sedge and silt. The seepage, the puddles. The crossbeams overhead are full tree trunks with the bark intact. Jars of Grandma Zac's vinegar jam, a load of shovels and a wheelbarrow—good grief how that got down the stairs! Creakings, those well-known sounds which get your nerves going when you're alone in a dark house, the screams of collapsing molecules, a twitch of matter, loose bathroom faucets, the noise that certainly must be a murderer at large. There is a stench like urine in the basement, a real nosebleed.

And rats: refugees from those killer potatoes? Zac, of course, is livid. He is a lunatic when it comes to rats. The story of his life gives full account of the bad blood he has for them. Call it hate, write it off as obsession, say "Hasn't the boy got better things to be?", but he can see no other way while there are rats in his life.

Down the basement, Zac is at a loss. He thought he'd purged the place, top and bottom. Now it is much as if, upon subduing Everest, Edmund H. and Sherpa T. look up to see a previously invisible higher peak pushing at the heavens. It's back to the foothills.

Rats run merrily past, fleet 'round Zac's feet. A rat used only to the company of other rats grows oblivious to all but its own beggarly devices. One chews sawdust on the stair, another takes stock of the toolbox. Zac seethes and stamps his foot, trapping an unfortunate rodent with his boot. He is sly with plots to free himself of varmints forever, and stows his trophy in the icebox temporarily, while he thinks of a more untidy fate.

At the end of the afternoon, Zac has managed sven more rats and locks them all away in the kitchen. At first he hears them run themselves silly, desperate for escape. Dig, dig! But refrigerators are built with more than cold in mind and are safe as padlocks. They dig themselves to exhaustion. It must be very close to Scott's last hours in the Antarctic when he ran out of sleds and daydreamt of fudgesicles and lime sherbert 'til he died thoroughly iced. Zac wonders whether he'll later on find tiny rat-diaries chronicling those final moments.

That night Zac opens the freezer and laughs to see his captives hard as nails, pin-prick whiskers and frosted fur. He is delighted with this new scheme and considers it better even than the scallops of old. He plans to catch the rest of the basement rats next day and be done with them. To celebrate and further mock the icebound, Zac boils a mug of tea.

In sleep, he is visionary with ideals and idylls, perfect worlds free of paws; he watches himself scoop up rodents, rats and rabbits both, and fit them into ice-cube trays, squaring them off and freezing them up



forthwith. He wakes up in the morning eager for the task. But. During the night the power has failed, and the freezer thawed. The push of water inside finally bursts the door, and the kitchen is a flood of concentrated lemonade. The rats have fled, leaving no hint of their diaries, indeed not so much as a whisker. Zac cannot believe his eyes and raves for the rest of the day. His basement is once again full of fugitives, and, what's more, Zac hasn't yet begun to think about the bats in his belfry.



Stephen Smith is a second year Spanish and English student.

Europe '87



Call us about our great airfares to Britain, France, Greece, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Netherlands and many other destinations

Also

Eurail Youth Passes, Car Leasing, Contiki Tours, Youth Hostel Membership, etc. available on location.

FREE

"Let's Go Europe" Travel Guide with purchase of Eurail unlimited train pass from Odyssey.

Our Service is FREE



ODYSSEY TRAVEL

106 Princess Street - (Corner of Montreal & Princess Sts.)
Kingston, Ontario K7L 1B1

549-3553

Mite Pellets

By Scott Warwick

Before I present this month's offerings, there is a piece of business to which I must tend. After the publication of the last two issues of *The Conduit* people have been coming up and asking me some rather uncomplimentary questions about my position as "Miscellany" editor. They want to know what exactly a "Miscellany" editor does, after all, "Miscellany" comprises only three of the magazine's pages—and since I am the sole contributor, what exactly do I edit? One has even referred to me as the Andrew Ridgely of *The Conduit* editorial staff. Heathens. Well, as much as I hate defending myself against such nauseating slander, I feel compelled to respond and correct a few misconceptions.

For openers, this column does indeed invite submissions of which I am responsible for editing. It just so happens that I am a very demanding editor and nothing which has thus far crossed my desk has been anywhere near the quality that you, the faithful readers, have come to expect from the pages of *The Conduit*. I have a responsibility to provide nothing but the most stimulating reading.

Secondly, it has been *Conduit* tradition to grant the writer of this column "editor" status. Not surprisingly, I wasn't about to voluntarily give up that honour and its associated privileges.

Finally, I just plain wouldn't have accepted the offer to write for the magazine under terms any less lucrative. Unfortunately, I still have to play second-fiddle in the masthead to the "Literary" editor. No, I can't figure that one out either. However, I suppose that if enough cards and letters are sent to the Editors-in-Chief, that oversight would soon be corrected.

Left out in the Cold...

Enough is enough. Something has got to be done about those Alfie's line-ups before someone succumbs to the elements. It wasn't so bad when a blind eye was turned to drinking in line, as a mickey of scotch was enough to keep oneself insulated from the chill. However, the curtailment of that tradition has lent a real sense of urgency to the situation. I'm not talking the occasional curse or swear, but potential civil unrest. Just ask Napoleon — sobriety and cold feet are a dangerous combination. One can even understand the fear which drives those who butt into line, at risk of life and limb (at the hands of their frigid companions or a constable), for they know that if they don't they mightn't live to see the morning. Let's face it, this year we've been fortunate to have had a mild winter, next year we might not be so lucky.

Every year, especially around election time, we hear mumblings about the installation of heaters in the entranceway (much like the ones that are installed in hockey arenas to keep the spectators warm), but elections come and elections go and still no heaters. Sure, we can spend thousands of (Queen's Appeal) dollars on a "dry" pub, and equal amounts on the refurbishing of our "wet" one, but a few hundred clams on a couple of heaters to keep expectant patrons warm? Forget it. Perhaps the A.M.S. would consider using some of last year's \$105 698 surplus on this worthwhile venture...before cold blood is spilled.

O.S.A.P. Week...

Well, tomorrow's the day—Reading Week, the harbinger of spring, the annual rite of university passage, has arrived. It is a time when students from across the country head home, south, or even, as I have heard, to London, England! Now, I don't really resent those who are going home to mother; I would too if I lived a little closer and could afford the trip. However, those who are leaving for sunnier climes garner only my contempt (read "envy"). They'll all come back looking tanned and fit, ready to face the rest of term with renewed vigour. Damn.

Anyway, there'll still be a few of us unfortunates around for the week. There's a different atmosphere around the campus during that time. Perhaps it's that strange feeling of camaraderie amongst those you meet struggling through the snow drifts or prowling deep within the stacks; as you pass, you share a knowing smile...ya, O.S.A.P. rejected me, too. Gee, maybe I'll take a few carotine tablets.



Move Over Moosehead...

As is the case with most students from Thunder Bay, I suffer from an acute identity crisis. I know that it's my hometown, but everyone else is trying to convince me that I'm really from North Bay... "you know, that place just north of Toronto." To my great delight, over Christmas I discovered something which should rectify the problem once and for all. You see, Northern Breweries, brewers of that quality 'Superior' draft, have just introduced their latest beverage—'Thunder Bay' beer. It is at this moment being test-marketed in three states south of the border, and has become such a big hit in Florida that they can't keep up with the demand. I am confident that when it is finally released to a southern Ontario thirsting for a quality beer, an identity crisis I will have no more. Instead, it'll be those North Bayites who'll have to contend with... "Oh yea, North Bay, isn't there a beer with that name?" How sweet it will be.

"Taxi,...Taxi"...

Taxi drivers can be an invaluable source of information, be it soap opera gossip, or an interesting local history lesson. I enjoyed the latter about a month and a half ago upon returning from my Christmas vacation. Unfortunately, however, my driver shattered a myth that I had held since my day as a young and, as it turns out, very impressionable, frosh. As we passed that large limestone building just outside of Richardson Stadium, I asked about its former use. Was it, as I had been told three years ago, the Kingston Pen gallows? Laughter erupted from the seat beside me, "the oldest one in the book," he said, still chuckling. It turns out that I wasn't even close. The 'gallows' was in fact the penitentiary's reservoir, operated before civic water mains were extended that far out of town.

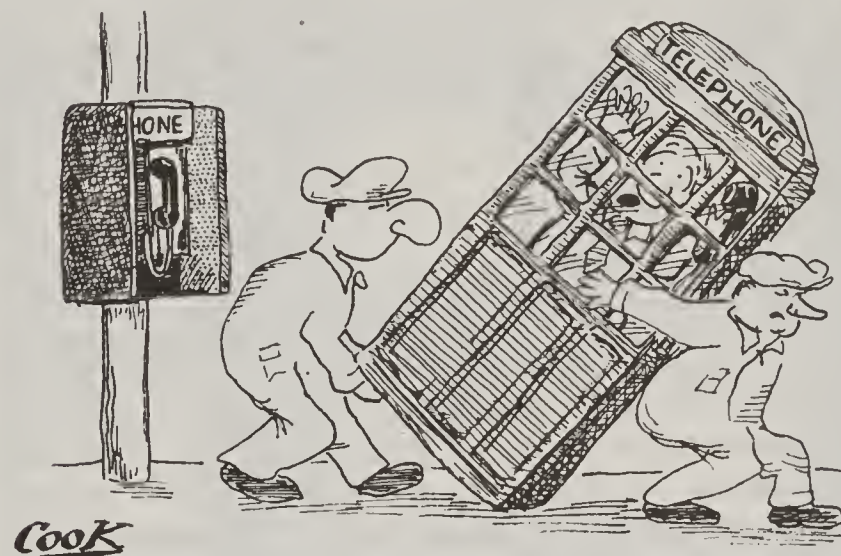


My driver also told me that the Pen used to have all sorts of problems with the pigeons who'd nest inside the tower's roof. Prisoners would frequently complain about the pigeon shit that would end up in their drinking water. Well, that's kinda funny but, to tell you the truth, I liked my "myth" better.

Dial 'M' for Modernize...

I suppose that it was only a matter of time before the inevitable happened. After all, if the City of Lon-

don can sell its famous bridge, well, nothing is sacred. Thus it came as no surprise to anyone when the city announced that it was going to auction off most of its old cast-iron telephone booths and replace them with the stainless steel and glass Bell models. Most of the booths have now been sold, to Americans nonetheless, fetching prices as high as one thousand pounds each. Thankfully, however, all is not lost, for a few of them will be allowed to remain in the city's more historic areas, including at the Houses of Parliament, the Mall, and Hyde Park.



Dust Bunnies—The Uncut Version...

Living in the Ghetto has many large problems and an equal number of small blessings. The former are well-documented, the latter less so. I, however, would like to expound on one of these: the pleasure of watching the accumulation of dust bunnies. We're all well-acquainted with the joys of such a pastime; as the weeks go by, they proliferate, both in size and number. But how many of you have ever given thought to just what these dust bunnies are? I have, and it's not a story for the faint of heart. It turns out that dust bunnies form around stray microscopic pieces of food or dead human skin. What then appears to be dust is actually over 50 000 of what are called dust mites, little creatures who spend their days feeding off of the food and dead skin. There are millions of them inside the average household (and since most ghetto homes are below 'average'...).

These mites are quite horrible-looking, with sharp, grasping jaws and eight legs. And that's not all, for twenty times a day, they drop mite 'pellets.' In fact, those of you who are allergic to dust are probably not allergic to dust at all, but rather to mite poop. Some try to rid their house of dust mites by vacuuming them. Unfortunately, that merely transfers the problem someplace else; the mites just love to graze inside vacuum cleaner bags—plenty of dead skin and food in there. Be warned, dust mites are not merely restricted to dust bunnies, but are also found in your bed—about two million of them in fact. Specialists in the dust mite field advise that you treat them much as you do a bee or wasp: don't bug them and they won't bug you. Learn to co-exist.

It Just Doesn't Go as Far as it Used To...



Since 1935, the Canadian dollar coin has featured two voyageurs and their canoe on its face, a scene that, second only to the maple leaf, has come to symbolize Canada to the rest of the world. This year, however, the first in which the coin will be produced on a large scale (100 million of them), the voyageurs will be replaced by a loon (yes, a loon). Such a sacrilegious shift was not, as shall be seen, a deliberate one.

Last December, the Royal Canadian Mint shipped the master die for the 1987 "Voyageur" coin from Ottawa to the mint in Winnipeg where they were to be pressed. Unfortunately, it never made it; the \$24 000 die disappeared somewhere inbetween. The mint doesn't know where it is. Mouland Express, the courier company, hasn't a clue either.

What is perhaps even more amusing is the fact that the mint, fearing that some schmuck had stolen the die in order to produce counterfeits, decided to design another. Sure. I can see it all now: some guy sitting in a dimly-lit basement, melting a silver-nickel alloy, pouring it into the missing die, making his own coins (one at a time), and throwing the country's monetary system into chaos.

However, there is a happy ending to this story. Because of the switch to the loon, all Canadian currency above one dollar will have birds on them. Perhaps this says more about our country than any voyageur ever could.

Toilet Bowl...

Now that the dust has settled from Superbowl XXI, I think it safe to submit one final postscript. Apparently, on the Saturday preceeding the game, New York City's Water Commissioner published a statement in local newspapers requesting that football fans "stagger" their washroom breaks to avoid taking them during advertisements. The commissioner feared that too many simultaneous flushes would place a serious strain on the city's water system, causing pressure to drop to dangerously low levels.

"He's Dead, Jim"...

From the Orient comes an interesting tale of dead bodies and intrigue. In Bangkok, Thailand, if you die a "public" death, that is to say if you are murdered, or killed in a car accident, don't expect the police to be on the scene to investigate or remove the debris; local religious custom in Bangkok (containing elements of Buddhism and ancestor worship) causes many people, including many policemen, to shun corpses for fear of ghosts. Instead, a van from Poh Teck Tung, the local body collection service, will arrive to do the dirty work. They will photograph and videotape the scene, take the body to the local charity vehicles and four boats, complete with uniformed staff. It has plans to add four helicopters to cover the city by air. The company headquarters is a sprawling building whose walls are decorated with pictures of corpses from notable cases on which it has worked.

The company is actually a charitable foundation which assists the public in order to earn merit in accordance with the demands of its religious beliefs. Because of its high visibility, it has an excellent track record of attraction donations; it is the richest of Thailand's 3 500 charities, taking in an estimated \$3.5 billion annually.



Such a lucrative "business" is bound to attract competitors and three years ago, that's exactly what happened in Bangkok. Until that time, Poh Teck Tung was the city's sole "collection" agency and had been for the previous seventy-five years. But, as I said, three years ago a chap by the name of Somkiat Somsakulrungrueng founded the Ruam Katanyu company and shattered the monopoly, establishing itself as Poh's chief competitor. Ever since, a bitter rivalry has been waged between the two competing groups. Both have installed scanners and two-way radios in their vans in order to be first on the scene of a death. Each accuses the other of paying a commission to its workers to increase productivity. Things came to a head last September when a brawl broke out between the two companies at the scene of a murder—police had to fire six shots in the air to break up the melee. When the dust had settled six had been killed and a number wounded.

The Computer Circuit

By Rick Wybou

Every once in a while, at least two or three times a year, we read an article or see a news story about the frenetic pace of technological growth in our society and how it is affecting our lives. But behind the stories about new super computers, artificial intelligence, laser disk technology, etc., there is a story about the development of a group of people who utilize the extensive computer facilities right here at Queen's: students, faculty and staff, using the computer every day in their work and studies.

The total number of computer users at Queen's is by no means small. Out of a population of approximately 13,500, close to ten thousand people have computer accounts. Of these ten thousand, 6,500 are undergraduate accounts, the rest belong to staff, faculty and graduate students. The large number of undergraduate accounts suggests that it is not only the science-oriented students who are making use of the computer facilities. In fact, the largest single group of users is essay writers. Most students first use the computer as a sophisticated typewriter. First drafts of essays can be handwritten, then typed into the computer, but after a while students tend to compose on the computer to save time. While there are a few commands that must be learned, most agree that once you get the hang of it, it is a useful essay tool. Other students get started on the computers through a course which utilizes the computer in some way. Computer Science is the most obvious example, but Engineering, Commerce, Economics, and other departments have courses which also employ computers.

The Queen's computer system was not always open to Arts students for purposes such as essay writing. As recently as three years ago the computer facilities here at Queen's were not versatile enough to allow convenient composition. If there were to be adequate resources to service the computing requirements of the more traditional computer users, such as the Computing Science, Engineering, and Math departments, access to the computer facilities had to remain limited.

A new computer system, the IBM 3081G, has changed things quite a bit. This new computer, bought in 1984, along with other new supporting systems, allows a more versatile use of the computer. Now the system is able to satisfy the extra demand created by those who wish to use the computer for such things as essay writing, statistics, programming, or number crunching (a term used to describe highly mathematically-oriented programming). Under the new system, Computer Services grants a 100\$C (computer dollars)



undergraduate account to anyone who asks. This does not last very long, but most departments have allocated individual class accounts which are also available to students.

After gaining some experience with the computer, many students begin to use it as more than just a glorified typewriter. Soon, one comes to appreciate that, apart from writing essays or compiling statistics, the computer can be used as a means of communication. Friends, classmates, and instructors can transmit messages from one computer terminal to another, much in the same way as people can communicate by phone and mail. In fact, the computer allows users to communicate with any number of people from anywhere in the western world. In 1984, first-year students took advantage of being able to communicate with users in places such as Germany, France, Israel, and the United States through a system known as BITNET. Unfortunately, this ability has since been restricted to graduate students and professors because of its cost and the complaints received from other universities about obscene messages sent from Queen's.

Isolation from the outside world has hardly slowed the development of a computer community inside Queen's. There is a certain camaraderie between regular computer users in the bottom of Jeffery Hall and elsewhere on campus. However, communication often takes place terminal-to-terminal rather than face-to-face. This is partly because students, bored by the

predictable responses of the computer, are eager to respond to messages created by real intelligence and emotion. The dullness and impersonality of the computers enhance the appreciation of human interaction.

The computer community is also based on what might be called "video-display equalizing." People can often overcome shyness and fear when talking over the computer. This is because each person comes across as equal. Everyone is a collection of thoughts, ideas and emotions, devoid of any other distinguishing quality. Looks, dress, size, colour, and accent are lost in the transfer of computer communication. One can only judge and be judged by his or her thoughts. This equalizing effect has, in some cases, allowed people to be more sociable than they might be in a face-to-face situation. However, there is also the danger that some people may restrict their social life to this medium and isolate themselves from other forms of social interaction.

Computer communication is not always between single users. Many 'computer societies' also have a rough equivalent of the telephone party-line. Here at Queen's, there is a system called SOAPBOX which has active running conversations on topics ranging from the arms race to abortion. The dialogues carried on in this forum usually concern social issues and can be more available and more educational to the computer user than a newspaper or newscast. In the not too distant future, the SOAPBOX type of forum may be opened up to computer users all over the western world. The exchange of ideas and information could be the cornerstone to a much more informed and educated society.

With all these recent changes, student use of the computer has grown substantially and will probably increase further as micro-computers become more available and students become more acquainted with computers and their potential. In a document published by the Queen's Senate Computing Committee called "Development of Computing at Queen's—1986 to 1991," it is predicted that "by 1990 we expect most members of the Queen's community to regularly use a personal computer; most students will own one, and many faculty and staff will have one at work and one at home. The student machine will be the size of a metropolitan telephone directory, will weigh less than ten pounds (including batteries sufficient for eight hours operation between recharges), will have a flip-up flat graphics screen, at least a million characters of primary memory, at least two million characters of secondary memory, a processor at least as powerful as current 32 bit microprocessors, and a full keyboard; this machine will cost at most \$1000."

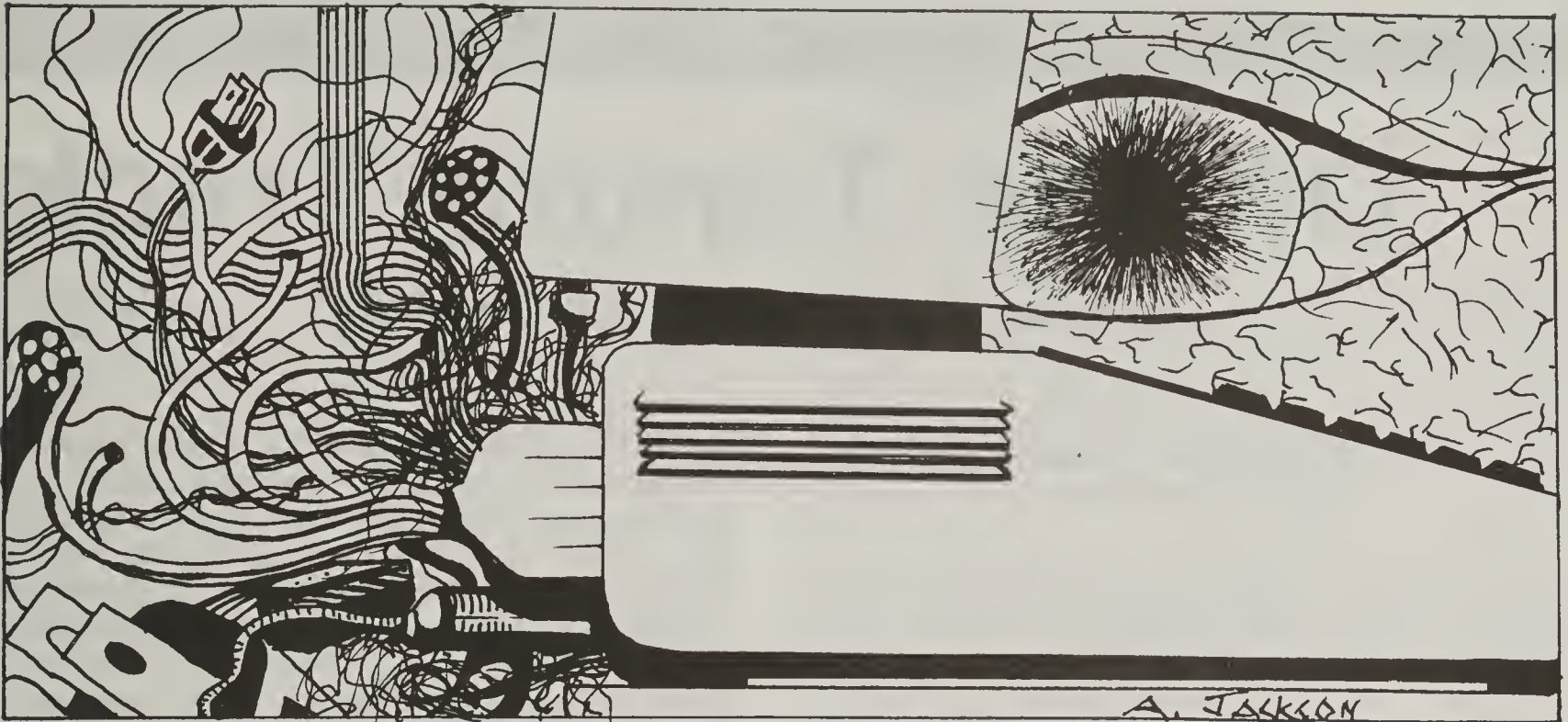
It's not surprising that the recent growth of computer technology has been accompanied by a number of problems. In the last couple of years at Queen's, there have been numerous examples of harassing and obscene messages sent through the system, computer chain mail, and, more seriously, computer account piracy and theft. Account piracy is when a person gains access to an account which does not belong to

There are certain structures at Queen's that are responsible for dealing with misuse of the computer system. If the students, staff, and faculty are the citizens of the computer society, then the Senate Computing Committee (SCC) and the Senate make up the government and the courts. Likewise, the Queen's University Computer and Communications Services (QCCS) make up the computer society's civil service and law enforcement agency.

Some computer systems have very tight controls and limited user freedom. There are, however, different approaches to computer regulation than the "Big Brother" method. Here at Queen's we have a more accessible computer system. According to Stan Yagi, a director of QCCS, "tight controls and computer security systems that restrict the user's facilities are costly, both in manpower and monetary terms. These systems can use up to 15% of the computer's operating capacity as well. The users here at Queen's benefit by the 'open policy' because it maximizes computer efficiency, user capacity and therefore its educational value, and finally it frees up Computer Service personnel to do more constructive work than that of monitoring people and their files."

The policies of the Queen's Computer system are set down by the Queen's Senate Computing Committee. The decisions of this body affect the entire fabric of the computer system. One of its most important actions so far has been to create a 'Computer User Code of Ethics.' This code was approved by the University Senate in 1984 and outlines eight main rules designed to keep the system running smoothly and peacefully. The rules emphasize that it is the user's responsibility to use his/her own account only and that secure passwords should be maintained. Accounts are only to be used for the purposes for which they were intended, and not for independent profit. The code also restricts the user from accessing or copying any information belonging to another without proper authorization. As well, users are forbidden to interfere with the normal operation of the computer system, must not encroach on another's use of computer facilities, must not attempt to subvert the restrictions associated with their accounts, must not send obscene, vulgar, or harassing messages, and finally, must not attempt unauthorized access of computer installations outside of Queen's. These rules are likely a by-product of incidents that caused problems for the university in the past. One such incident involved the unauthorized access of a computer belonging to Shell Oil, from the Queen's computer. Other smaller acts of a destabilizing nature were undoubtedly involved in making the Code of Ethics necessary.

Despite the wisdom of Queen's 'open policy' of computer monitoring there are still some problems. Often QCCS will not investigate a breach of computer ethics until it has been reported by a user. This obviously requires that incidents of wrongdoing are noticed and recognized as such. In most cases, the breaches are recognized, but the bigger, more serious criminals usually go unnoticed until their actions threaten the



security of the whole system. In some cases, computer crime can go unnoticed or unreported for great lengths of time.

The problems that have occurred in the enforcement of the Computer Code of Ethics suggest how difficult it is to ensure that the practice of computer operators, in their maintenance of order, does not itself become unethical. In 1984 there was a growing concern among some users that the Computer Code of Ethics was not adequately serving their needs. At that time, although it was not Queen's Computer Service's policy to monitor accounts or spy on users' activities, there were several reports of suspicious activities. One third year commerce student, who does not want to be identified, reports that after having a conversation with a friend over the computer system, a message was received that indicated that the entire conversation had been monitored. The message came from the account 'WATCHDOG'. Only higher class accounts belonging to QCCS personnel have the capability of changing their account name to WATCHDOG. On another occasion an undergraduate test account called 12345678 was used by a computer services manager to socialize incognito, with undergraduate users (note: Computer Service personnel have named accounts). A third-year Politics student, Miriam Kerzner, then a first-year student, was taken aback when, later, this same manager demonstrated knowledge of her passwords during casual conversations. Fortunately, it has been the policy of QCCS since 1985 to document and justify all cases where the maintenance of security necessitated the use of powerful tools such as masked userids or password checking.

Here at Queen's, although it is not a serious problem, illegally gaining access to other peoples' disks is far too common. Some students are able to access class computer accounts or professors' accounts to get the answers to assignments. Of course, very few know how to do this, and even fewer would. The problem can be solved with a recognition by the account owner that their account is vulnerable if all their passwords

are not secure. Often people are under a false impression of how safe their files are. For example, many people are not aware that the 'A0', or 'private files', on a disk with an indiscriminate 'read password' of 'ALL' can be accessed by reading the disk sector by sector. This is how some students have accessed class accounts and professors' disks in the past. The Commerce Department's computer-simulated business game, used in Comm-101, sat on a vulnerable disk for two years, and was accessed by students. Two of the students who accessed this disk did so with the express intention of proving that it could be and likely was being done. Not all those who attempted to read it likely had the same innocent intentions. In September of this year, the 'read passwords' were protected.

The Computer community is growing. It is estimated that within the Queen's community, 4000 micro-computers were bought this year. Approximately 3500 of those were bought here at Queen's through the Dept. of Computer and Communications Services. As the number of people who actively use computers expands, many of the issues and experiences of the Queen's computer community will become common. Fortunately, the increase in the private ownership of micro-computers, along with the development of high-storage laser disks, will mean an increase in the security of individual computer users. No longer will data have to be located in publicly accessible computer storage systems. The use of computers in our lives is taking on more significance every day, and the increasing size of the computer society is also affecting the use of computers. With any luck, Queen's University can continue to be at the very forefront of this new technological era and will continue to examine the difficulties which accompany its development.

Rick Wybou is a third-year politics student.

Off the Tenure Track

By Susan Donaldson and Will Kymlicka

No, I haven't come a long way, and
don't call me baby.

"You've come a long way, baby". That sums up the view many people have of the status of women faculty in our universities today. The public perception, encouraged by university administrators, is that universities have made significant strides towards removing both the imbalance in faculty employment, and the bias against woman-centered research and teaching.

Of course, people are quick to add, things aren't perfect. One can't expect changes to occur overnight. These things take time. Attitudes are hard to change, money is scarce for new appointments. But substantial progress is being made towards sexual equality, a goal that will be achieved in the foreseeable future.

Unfortunately, this familiar, comforting view isn't supported by the facts. Substantial progress? In 1971-2, when Queen's set up its first committee on the status of women, chaired by Lin Good, women accounted for four percent of the tenured professors at Ontario universities. In 1985, that percentage had risen to five percent (see Table 1 — the statistics for Queen's are similar). After fourteen years of professed concern for the status of women, after innumerable committees and reports, the percentage of women with tenure had only increased by one percentage point. At that rate, sexual equality in employment is indeed in the "foreseeable future" — if, that is, you can see about 500 years into the future!

Why haven't we seen significant improvement in the number and rank of women faculty at Queen's? To date Queen's has rejected any form of affirmative ac-

tion. The official position is that when a faculty position opens up, the "best" candidate will be chosen. Furthermore, this process will be carefully scrutinized to ensure that when a woman fits the "best" candidate description, she is indeed hired. Nevertheless, women account for only 25% of new faculty appointments at Queen's. And, indeed, that figure hides an even more alarming imbalance. While less than 1/3 of women's appointments are renewable, over 2/3 of men's appointments are renewable. Women account for such a small number of the renewable appointments that the longer-term impact on the number of women faculty hasn't been significant (see table 2).

It is frequently argued that more women aren't appointed because they simply aren't available. This might be the case in a couple of disciplines, like Applied Science, where gender imbalance will have to be corrected at earlier levels, by encouraging more women to enter the discipline, and to continue on to graduate work. But that isn't an accurate assessment of the situation in general. On this point, Roberta Hamilton, coordinator of the Woman Studies program, said she was "confident that there are lots of extremely well-qualified women seeking employment," and the statistics back her up. The number of women receiving Ph.D.s has grown at a faster pace than the number of women receiving faculty appointments. Over the last 12 years, the percentage of both masters and doctorates earned by women has increased steadily. Indeed, as a percentage of the pool of applicants, there are twice as many women as there were twelve years ago. But in the same time period, the percentage of new appointments of women at Queen's has not increased at all (from 25% to 26%).

Table 1: Full-time Faculty in Ontario Universities: Women as Percentage of Total

Rank	1971-72	1973-74	1975-76	1977-78	1979-80	1981-82	1983-84	1984-85
Full Professor	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5
Associate Professor	8	9	10	11	12	12	13	14
Assistant Professor	14	15	17	19	20	22	25	26
Lecturer	28	31	32	31	36	38	44	46
Next Rank	47	50	50	56	57	52	56	47
Other	13	23	27	30	27	29	29	29
Total	12	13	14	14	14	15	15	16

Ministry of Colleges and Universities: Jan. 1986

Table 2: New Appointments—Queen's: 1984-86

A:		
Rank	Men	Women
Lecturer	19	15
Assistant Professor	40	14
Associate Professor	14	1
Professor	3	1
B:		
Type of Term	Men	Women
One year non-renewable	11	13
Two year non-renewable	12	8
Two-plus year renewable	46	8
Tenured	7	2

Gazette: December 9, 1986

There *are* qualified women available. So why aren't they hired? One problem is that Queen's is not known for being hospitable to women, and to feminists, and so many women do not apply for jobs here. To encourage women to apply for positions at Queen's, we must demonstrate our commitment to making Queen's an hospitable environment. Rita Maloney (Faculty of Nursing) wrote a report for the Faculty Association in October 1985, which contained 26 recommendations addressing the problem of attracting women scholars to Queen's, and persuading them to stay. Recommendations ranged from a review of promotions procedures and manner of advertising positions, to improvement of Day Care facilities and maternity benefits. So far, none of these recommendations has been acted upon.

But problems remain even when qualified women do apply. The "best candidate" strategy is meant to ensure that there is no discrimination against the women who do apply. One reason why it hasn't done so is that the merit criteria being used often contain built-in biases. As Roberta Hamilton put it, "if competence comes in a three-piece suit then women are at an automatic disadvantage. For a feminist scholar, who brings a unique perspective to her work, employing a different methodology, examining non-traditional material, publishing in non-mainstream journals, and so on, it's unlikely that her c.v. will be appreciated by hiring committees accustomed to more traditional patterns of scholarship and accomplishment."

As Sheila McIntyre (Faculty of Law) suggested in her

memo "Faculty Recruitment Policy: Women Faculty" we tend to see "identical conduct by women and men differentially (she is erratic while he is flexible; she is dogmatic while he is firm; she is (too) tentative while he is thoughtful" and thus merit criteria can be contaminated by unconscious bias against women despite the best of intentions.

Even when women get hired, problems of gender-bias remain. As noted earlier, the majority of positions offered to women are non-renewable, and women faculty are concentrated in the lecturer and assistant professor positions. Does the promotion process discriminate against women? Roberta Hamilton suggests that "women faculty are frequently caught in a 'double bind.' It's crucial that at least one woman sit on all hiring and search committees, admissions committees, curriculum committees and so on, to ensure that questions of gender-bias are not ignored or minimized."

This has been emphasized by every report of the committee on the status of women, and encouraged by the university administration. But with such a small number of women faculty to draw from, the burden of all this committee work on individual women is very high. Naturally this leaves them less time for pursuing research, preparing publications, attending conferences etc. But these are precisely the things which will stand them in good stead for promotion.

Sheila McIntyre emphasized a similar point: "In most disciplines the percentage of women students far outweighs that of women faculty. This means that women faculty bear an inordinate burden when it comes to advising students, and in particular those women students who are suffering from the effects of sexism at Queen's." Furthermore, women faculty have expended time and energy supporting each other in their own battles against sexism.

These extra burdens aren't taken into account when promotions are being handed out. And yet women faculty members feel they can't shirk that sort of responsibility, since both committee work, and encouragement and counselling of students are needed to ensure that the number of women increase. These extra burdens are needed to fight the gender imbalance, yet they also perpetuate it, since women get penalized in promotion for undertaking them. Furthermore, some women faculty feel a responsibility to look out for up-and-coming women, realizing the extent to which they are indebted to the women who went before them.

The administration could address some of the problems outlined above by attending to the suggestions put forth in Maloney's report, by acknowledging the higher workload of women faculty and so on. More difficult problems such as unconscious bias against women can perhaps be addressed only through some sort of affirmative action program. If these problems were dealt with, we could feel fairly confident that women candidates and faculty members were being treated justly.

However, the broader goal of achieving something like parity in numbers of women and men faculty at Queen's would still be years down the road. Just how important is it that women be fully represented in the university faculty? What do women contribute that men have not?

More and more women scholars (and a few men!) are bringing a feminist perspective to their work which challenges traditional scholarship in a profound way. Feminists have exposed the often untested, or even unconscious, assumptions that have framed the kinds of questions we ask, and the methods we use in answering them. Queen's new Women's Studies program is an obvious example of the sorts of changes women bring to the university. The university recognized the need for such a program in light of the failure of traditional programs to confront questions of gender in society. As the number of women scholars increases,

it can be hoped that this new perspective will not be restricted to the Women's Studies program, but will influence the university as a whole, and enrich the debates in many disciplines.

The growing interest in, and support of, this sort of change is suggested not only by the popularity of the Women's Studies program, but by the enormous success of the Visiting Woman Scholars program and the Women's Perspective series. These lecture series have drawn record crowds, and have, one would hope, done a great deal to dispel prejudice about women scholars, and feminist scholarship. They have also done a great deal to raise issues that affect women in society but which have been systematically neglected by academics. The absence of women on faculty harms not only women academics, and not only academic debate. It limits the possibility of the university responding to the situation and concerns of women in society generally.

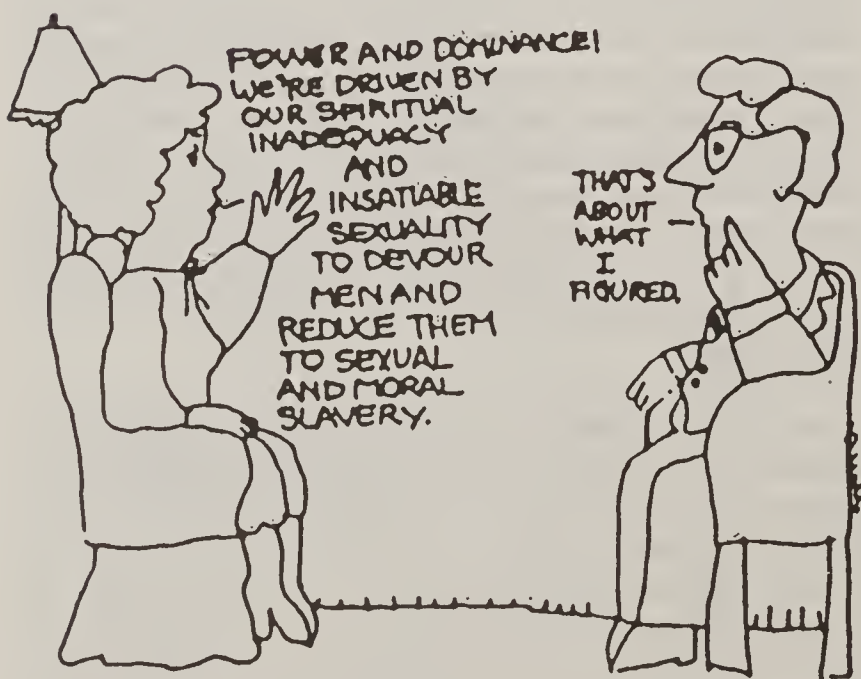
We have to remember that universities do not just produce degrees. They produce the research which guides public policy, and the personnel that run the dominant institutions of society. Queen's, in fact, takes great pride in its tradition of providing Canada with the people and information it has needed, and of stimulating public debate on issues of concern to Canadians. But there can be no question that those issues have heretofore been defined by men, in accordance with their perception of its importance. The history of the debate over the new Charter of Rights and Freedoms is just one obvious example of the way that women scholars were crucial for the effective presentation of the concerns and interests of women.

The under-representation of women on faculty at Queen's has, therefore, a damaging effect, not only on the individual women who aren't employed, or on the free exchange of ideas, but on the way society perceives, and responds to, the situation of 51% of the population. In a publicly-funded institution, especially one that prides itself on meeting its public responsibilities, that is unacceptable.

The question of adopting an affirmative action program, therefore, is not simply a question of ensuring fairness in the appointment procedure. It is also a question of making a firm commitment to the importance of eliminating gender-bias in academic debate and in the university's social influence. That is a commitment that the men who run this university have not yet demonstrated. Of course, in the absence of pressure from women or the general public, they have no real stake in making that commitment. Current practices serve them well. But if they are unwilling to make a commitment to the goal of eliminating gender-bias, they could at least give up the false pretense that current practices are making substantial progress towards that goal.

Sue Donaldson is a part-time student in Women's Studies. William Kymlicka is a Queen's graduate who is now teaching in the Philosophy Department.

Nicole Hollander



Under Pressure

This time next year, while most of us on campus will be recovering from our mid-terms and setting sights on our Ski or Sun Week, the 1988 Olympics in Calgary will be ready to begin. For most, a brief reflection on the Olympics and their ideals conjures up images of a sporting event "above politics," "a chance for truly international sharing and harmony," and a "celebration of body and spirit."

Yet the myths surrounding the Olympic games are being eroded by increasing jingoism, the rise of commercialism, and the use of boycotts as an international weapon. In Calgary, the federal government has already spent \$200m on Olympic facilities. Coca-Cola, IBM, Ford, and MacDonalds have all prepared elaborate ad campaigns to sell their products in the hundreds of hours of Olympic broadcasting or on the jerseys of athletes—enabling these corporations to appear as if they are supporting Canadian and International youth and being good corporate citizens. ABC, meanwhile, has beaten off the other U.S. television giants by bidding \$309m for the rights to broadcast the event to the world's largest viewing audience. These developments and others in recent years have forced many to accept that the Olympics are intensely political—shaped less by international harmony than by self-interested nations, empires and multinationals.

However, very few of the myths surrounding the athlete—the individual who is actually producing the "Olympic show" — are being shattered. Canadians rarely reflect on high-performance athletes and their position in the Canadian and Olympic sport system. When consideration is given, it is tainted by misconceptions. The myths that continue to dominate are:

- Athletes are amateurs. Athletes either do not or should not receive any stipend for their performance.
- The Olympics and international sport are play and athletes participate for the love or fun of sport and are certainly "above" receiving a daily wage for their efforts.

If there is any discussion of the athletes receiving a stipend, it's often argued that the joy and experience of participating in the Olympics should be enough reward.

Admittedly, these myths seem to be undercut by the few Canadian athletes in high profile sports whom we know accept huge stipends through advertising or performance fees. But, more often than not, the athletes' well-earned stipends are thought to taint "amateur" sport. Few people question whether we should be discussing the Olympics in the context of amateurism in the first place; something which tends to support the various myths concerning the position of Olympic athletes.

It's about time these myths were exploded. The Olympics haven't involved amateur sport since 1974 when the International Olympic Committee removed the word "amateur" from its governing regulations. It's time public discourse started acknowledging high-performance sport as it really is, an intensely political and highly rationalized activity. In the midst of all the myths and mystifications we should realize what is really happening to Canadian athletes. We should consider how athletes support their athletic pursuits or how their athletic labours support them.

By Jan Borowy and Heather Clarke

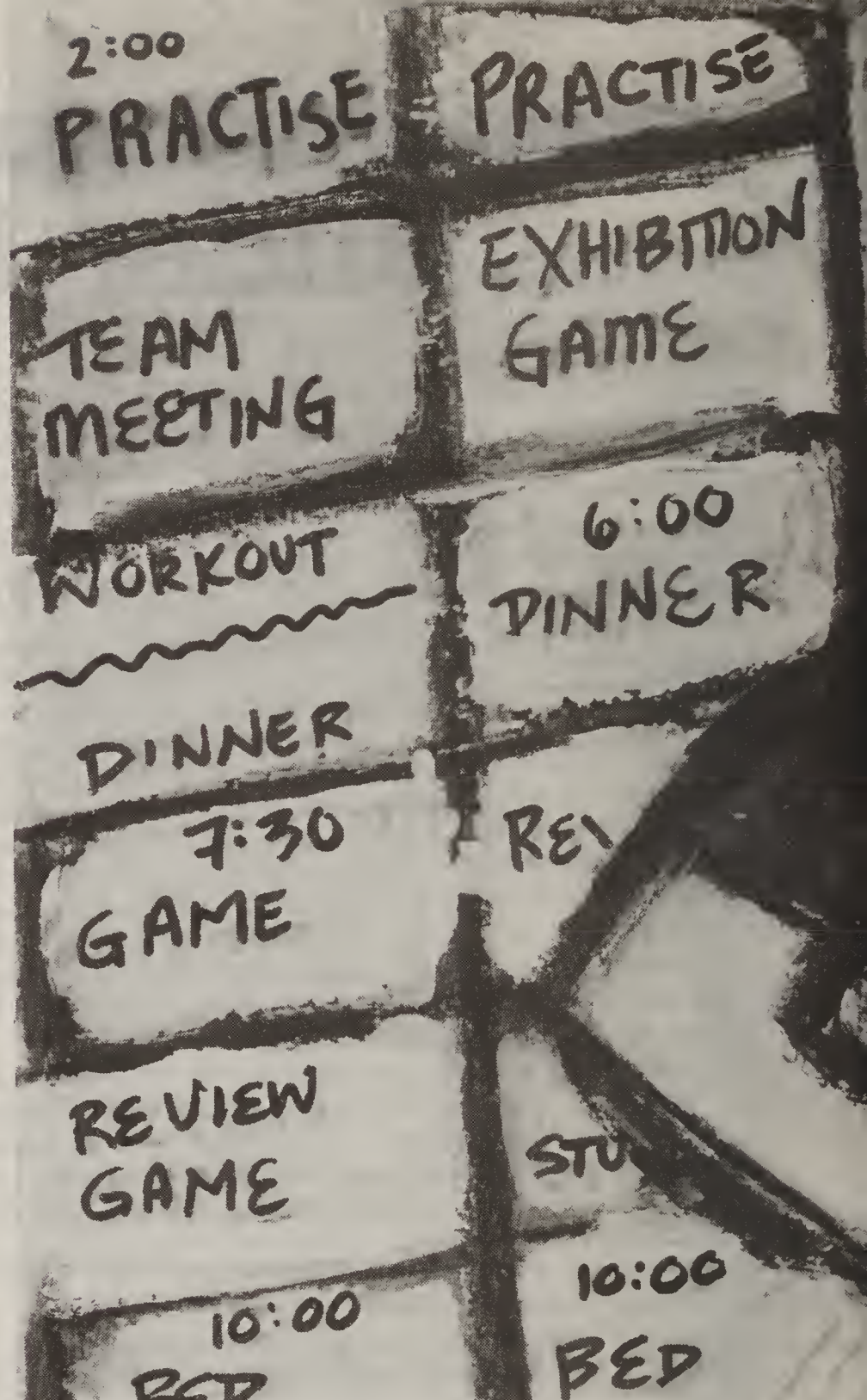
We should examine how athletes actually live and train.

Canada's national-team athletes receive a stipend from the federal government. The premise of this program—the Athletes' Assistance Program—is to assist athletes with the costs of competing. It is an incentive-based scheme rewarding top performances and completely disregarding individual needs.

Although it is only meant to assist athletes, most are totally dependent on this funding, commonly known as carding. Each year, cards are allocated at different levels depending upon the athlete's international ranking: World medalists receive an A card at \$650/month, B cards or finalists receive \$550/month. The C card is not so clear cut. Its designation depends on the athlete's improvement over past performances and is determined by the coaches' assessment of the athlete's "potential." This card is worth \$450/month unless it's the athlete's first year and is then worth \$350/month. The D card is for developing athletes and is worth \$300/month. The C and D cards depend upon a subjective assessment. It is problematic as there are many factors not easily measured that combine to create a world-class athlete.

Upon nomination for carding, athletes are now required to sign a contract with their National Sport Organization which binds them to certain actions. The athletes' obligations include: "avoiding alcohol consumption", "not living in environments not conducive to high performance", "not engaging in casual and careless communications about their program's *modus operandi*" and understanding that the "human rights of an athlete must be balanced against the need for rules, discipline and structure." If athletes do not adhere to the stipulations outlined, their carding will be revoked. Generally, athletes do not have the opportunity to negotiate the clauses in this "agreement". It's unilaterally imposed, with the organization having few obligations towards the athlete. In the event that the organization reneges on its side of the agreement, the athlete has little recourse in most instances. Appeal procedures are not clearly outlined in many sports and even when they are, athletes are often not told about them or are afraid to confront the issue for fear of being labelled a trouble-maker by the coaches and administrators, the very people who decide whether or not an athlete should make a team. Due process and natural justice, standards accepted in every day life, are often far removed from the picture.

Recently, a former Queen's student and member of the national team member since 1985, has found that her carding has not been renewed. She was not formally notified. This athlete had waited several months to receive her cheque for \$450 for each month. She heard via the grapevine that her card would not be renewed. She is totally dependent on the carding money—it serves as her main source of income. She had relocated to Vancouver in order to train and was attempting to complete her studies. She approached the High Performance Director for an explanation. He refused, saying he would discuss the matter in 4



months at a selection camp. When she pointed out that this would be too late for her to make any improvements towards making the '87 World Championship team, he stated that it was something she, as an athlete, had no control over.

The reason for her carding non-renewal was, he later claimed, her bad attitude—a judgement made after eavesdropping on her private conversation with family friends to whom she had confided her mistreatment by team coaches. Meanwhile, she had received the utmost respect from fellow members of her crew and was regarded as tough competitor. She was eventually replaced by a woman whom she had previously competed against and beaten. Each of her teammates admired her courage and determination to continue training through these circumstances.

This is an all too typical example of how athletes living below the poverty line on \$450/month are rewarded for their dedication. These athletes do not know the criteria for carding and renewal. No



S.G.

grievance or appeal procedures that do not jeopardize the athletes' position are available. The need for objective selection criteria, both to compete and to gain funding is evident. Athletes require a neutral third party to whom they can appeal. As it stands now, the person who makes the decision is also the person to whom the athlete must appeal.

As the athletes' position has changed along with the funding they receive and the contracts they sign, so has their training. National team athletes train virtually full-time. They are now expected to move to a High Performance Sport Centre funded by Sport Canada where a full-time coach and a National Team director dictate when they train, where they will train and how much training they will do. Not moving to the National Centre greatly reduces the likelihood of making a team. Although athletes are told to move to the Centre as part of the National squad, selection to the team is not guaranteed. Nevertheless, courses have to be rearranged, schools have to be changed, jobs given up, relationships put on hold or forgotten.

The Canadian Field Hockey team, for example, is

away on average 175 days a year, mostly during winter months, often making school an impossibility. Their daily training schedule is as follows: a two-hour practise on the turf in the morning, a thirty-minute drive to the track, two hours at the track in a full running work-out, a thirty-minute ride back home, one hour for lunch, a two-hour afternoon practice on turf, home for dinner, then video analysis of individual skills and team patterns, game analysis or an evening game.

Days are often long and boring. The athletes' creative ability to introduce new and imaginative skills and moves, so important to the game, is ignored because they have little input into the design of their practices. With the Field Hockey team, for example, members had no idea of what kind of running they would do until they arrived at the track. Athletes had no flexibility in their practices. The threat of a trip home was used more than once in the team's numerous travels when an athlete wasn't performing up to the coach's expectations.

Yet, when the athletes parade across the TV screen commentators remark only briefly that they have spent

years training and preparing for the event. Many at home think that they are having fun-in-the-sun and exploring far-off exotic lands. The reality is that cultural exchange is not high on the agenda—optimal performance is the priority. When asked what wonderful sights athletes have seen, a common reply is “I know that Australia paints the lines on their hockey pitches a different colour than Holland or Britain.” Rarely are the training regimes and the athletes’ commitment spelled out.

Most perceive the relationship between coach and athlete as one of mutual respect and support—a partnership towards a common goal. For some athletes, there is little discrepancy between their means of achieving their own goals and their coach’s. But even though athletes, coaches, and administrators may have similar goals, it is not necessarily a partnership. Often, instead of the sport system existing to help the athletes achieve their own goals, the opposite seems to be true. That is, athletes exist in order to achieve the goals of the sport system. One Canadian national team coach has been quoted as saying, “the players don’t matter. We have the system, we can develop the players.” Conflict arises when athletes point out that they know more about their own bodies or skills and their input is not accepted or taken into account. Under this type of system, where producing medals and winners has become the driving force of Canadian high-performance sport, the coach-athlete relationship has in many instances become one of control vs. subordination.

Control over athletes manifests itself in many ways: dictating practices inadequate for the athletes’ needs, postponing the naming of teams or starting line-ups, coaches either physically abusing or verbally threatening athletes, and generally failing to enlighten athletes, especially with regard to discipline and team selection. Those who dare to question the system may risk losing their careers.

In the midst of these living and training conditions, athletes are faced with tough choices about their job prospects and education. High-performance sport is still regarded as a feather in one’s cap. Sport mustn’t be their livelihood. A younger athlete is expected to stay in school and older athletes are viewed with suspicion for “just training” and not having a “real” job. But the medal oriented expectations of high performance sport and the established financial-incentive program often leave little room for anything aside from training. But many athletes often attempt both.

Older athletes face the difficult choice between sport and a career. One athlete intended to retire after a peak medal-performance in the 1984 Olympics at age 26 and enter into the so-called “real” job market. But events did not work out as planned. The 1980 Olympics were boycotted and because of an injury and coach-athlete conflict, she attended the 1984 Olympics as an alternate. After taking a year off, she realized that the skills she had developed over the last ten years had not been

used to their full potential, her goals had not been met. But at the same time she was faced with a serious question: should she forego her athletic career and enter the job market? If she competes through to the 1988 Olympics, and enters the job market at 30, what is the likelihood of her years in sport being recognized as legitimate experience? Most often, jobs in a world where the “job is first” aren’t flexible enough to meet an athletes’ needs.

The reality is that high-performance sport is not something that can be done as a sideline, even though society and public discourse view sport as play and athletes as amateurs.

The sport system has developed to the extent that school and career are secondary at best and most often completely forgotten about until a high-performance sport career is over. Athletes find themselves in a Catch-22 situation. The Athletes’ Assistance Program funding is so low that supporting themselves on carding alone means an existence below the poverty-line. Athletes can’t afford to train without working and can’t train to meet the needs of the system if working. The few athletes who are able to overcome this situation then find themselves training in an environment where they have little control and input into its design.

Faced with this difficult situation, why do athletes continue in the system? The answer to this question is complex. For many athletes high performance sport provides for the development, albeit in a small way, of their creative potential and specialized skills. Many simply enjoy camaraderie with teammates and the opportunity to be very good at something. They enjoy competition, striving to meet set goals and the sense of accomplishment when these are met. Sport can be exciting.

At present each sport association holds a monopoly over most opportunities for competition, so athletes can’t take their skills elsewhere. They are faced with the difficult choice of taking the system as it exists or leaving their sport completely. This isn’t much of a choice as it doesn’t include an opportunity for alternatives that might improve the athlete’s position.

The next time you see Canada’s High Performance athletes perform the event that they enjoy, are skilled at, and have taken years to perfect, give some thought to their position: being funded at levels below the poverty-line, having postponed school and careers, often not having any idea how they were selected to a team, knowing that they have little access to procedures accepted elsewhere in Canadian society. It’s time each of us started reconsidering the myths surrounding Canada’s high performance sport system because these only perpetuate the presently inadequate position of Canada’s high performance athletes.

Jan Borowy graduated from Queen’s in 1985 with a B.A. in Politics. She is a former member of the National Womens’ Field Hockey Team and is currently a researcher at the Queen’s Centre for Sport and Leisure Studies. Heather Clarke is a Master’s student in Industrial Relations, a present member of Canada’s National Rowing team, and a researcher at the Centre for Sport and Leisure Studies.

Bermuda:

not a bad place to live

—By Rosemary Jones—

It was the essence of the perfect Christmas vacation, but it might sound like a flight of fancy to anyone not acquainted with life in Bermuda.

I was sitting on a beach not far from home, listening to the frothy, turquoise breakers pound out a thunderous rhythm against the sand. All else was still. The sun's wintry rays fell warmly on my back, while in a rock pool at my feet, a school of psychedelic fish trapped by the tide, darted back and forth like tiny jewels. And, every so often, a mischievous pink crab would emerge from its coral crevasse and nibble on my toes.

Growing up on this small, mid-Atlantic island—a sun-kissed getaway to a half million snowbound, stress-weary North Americans every year—it's easy to take such serenity for granted. To tourists, the island with its rustling palm trees, flowing bougainvillea, candy-pink houses, and laid-back lifestyle is as good as paradise. To Bermudians, it's the only world they know.

My parents met in Bermuda — on a golf course, in fact. They came to the island from Britain in the '50s intending to spend a year there, maybe two. They still haven't left. Bermuda's like that. Its charms cast a spell over you, luring visitors from far and wide, and then making them its own.

Despite what its geography might suggest, Bermuda is not a Caribbean nation. Just 21 square miles in area, the island sits in the Gulf Stream roughly 600 miles off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina—or a two and a half hour flight from Toronto. Squeezed into that tiny land mass, dubbed 'The Rock' in local lingo, live 56,000 people.

Neither is it part of the United States, despite the fact that Bermuda houses a strategic American naval air base, receives only one television station — CBS — and plays host to hordes of US tourists. US currency fills Bermudian pocketbooks, while the island's own dollars, issued in whimsical shades of pink, blue and purple, are at par with American greenbacks.

Bermuda is in fact a British colony, with a Westminster-style parliament that is one of the oldest in the world, and a governor appointed by the Queen.

Union Jacks fly from the flagpoles, while cricket whites are donned for the island's most popular summer sport. Bermuda is also divided into parishes that bear the names of English counties like Devonshire and Pembroke — further indication of the island's true heritage.

Once known as the "Isle of Devils" because of its hurricanes and the treacherous necklace of reefs that sunk many an old-time galleon, Bermuda's first British settlers arrived in 1609. The island was actually discovered more than 100 years earlier by Juan de Bermudez who gave the island its name. The Spaniard also left behind a hoard of wild pigs that were slaughtered and eaten by the British settlers when their fleet was shipwrecked off the coast in a fierce storm. Bermuda's hoggpenny (a one-cent piece inscribed with Queen Elizabeth on one side and a pig on the other) bears testimony to this episode in the island's history. Prickly pears, palm trees, and an abundance of sea turtles also helped to persuade the British the island was more a heaven than a hell.

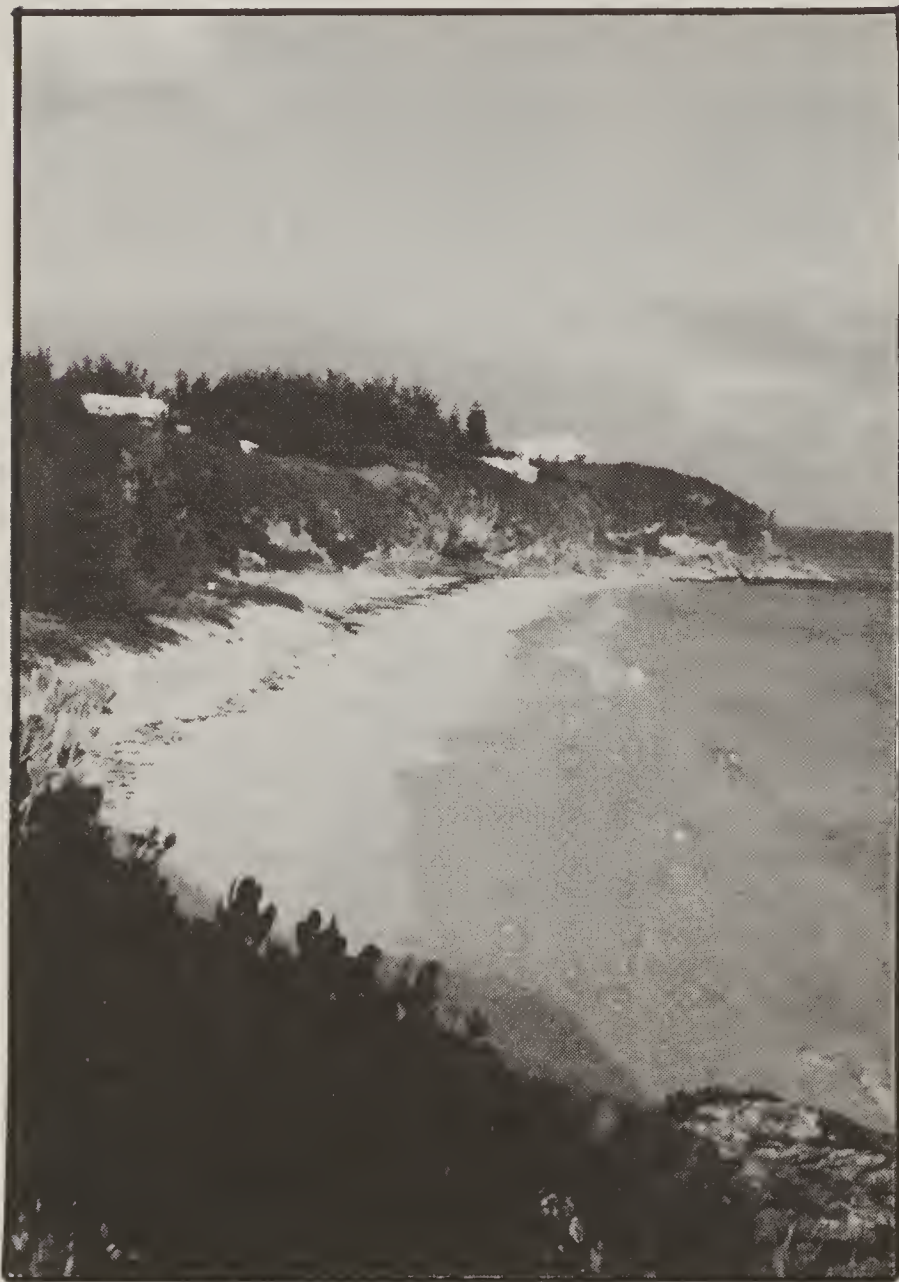
Perched on the top of an extinct volcano, Bermuda's fertile soils turned the island into an important farming community. Later, sales of Easter lilies, onions, and cedar trees to Britain and the US made for a lucrative export trade.

Today, Bermuda's bread-and-butter industry is tourism. The island counts on tastefully marketing its natural beauty and balmy climate to draw visitors to fill its hotels, ride its ferryboats, and dine in its restaurants. Scottish sweaters, Wedgewood china and Irish linen sold in the city of Hamilton's stores also tempt tourists to loosen their purse-strings and bolster the island's healthy retail business.

Blessed with zero unemployment, no illiteracy or income tax, and one of the highest standards of living in the world, Bermuda owes much to the constant stream of foreigners visiting the island. Because of their reliance on the tourist trade, Bermudians are frequently

reminded to respect visitors; pointing directions and explaining maps to bewildered New Yorkers becomes second nature by the time you leave kindergarten.

The first-time visitor to Bermuda usually knows everything about the infamous Triangle (Bermudians don't) and the ubiquitous shorts (worn by everyone from policemen to bankers). But some of Bermuda's most endearing idiosyncracies remain secrets until one touches down at the island's tiny airport.



Jones

The pink beaches of Tucker's Town.

First off, it takes a while to become attuned to the pace of island life. Reggae is more than music here: its slow, melodious beat throbbing from Rastafarian ghetto blasters seems to exemplify the whole rhythm of daily comings and goings—from the two-hour lunch break enjoyed by House of Assembly politicians on Fridays to the leisurely service bestowed on clientele in local restaurants to the friendly greetings exchanged between strangers on a downtown sidewalk. Stress

and punctuality might as well be banned in Bermuda; procrastination becomes the operative word after just a few days here. Besides, why worry about hustle and bustle when you could be imbibing the island's warm, scented air, walking barefoot on its silky beaches, or watching a fiery sun sink below the far-off horizon?

There are no lakes or rivers in Bermuda. Local residents catch fresh rain water on their white rooftops and store it in tanks below their homes, which are built from limestone blocks and painted in an assortment of pastel hues. Naturally, then, Bermudians are very careful not to waste water, especially during the hot summer months when temperatures soar to 90 degrees, and droughts limit the number of baths and showers you can take. When the well runs dry, watertrucking firms do a booming business, because homeowners are forced to buy costly gallons from a central reservoir. Incidentally, the roofs are lime-coated to keep the water fresh—something that provides hundreds of summer jobs for teenagers and university students, since the stone slates must be scraped and re-painted every few months.

Because Bermuda has no cinemas (they went bankrupt several years ago when everyone bought VCRs), no rock concerts (they're too expensive to fly in), and only a few pricey nightclubs, young people in particular look for entertainment outdoors. In high school, the best parties were always held on the beach. We'd light a huge bonfire with driftwood and seaweed, toast marshmallows, blast Bob Marley, and sip 'dark and stormies' — a favorite local mix of black rum and ginger beer.

The simple pleasures in Bermuda are often free: savouring salty baked tuna after an all-day fishing trip; picking a home-grown banana; watching gombey dancers; falling asleep to the echo of chirping tree frogs. Sometimes a gourmet meal lies as near as the bottom of your garden. My brother and I used to dive off the North Shore rocks to pull spiny lobsters from their lairs with makeshift nooses. We'd take them home, watch them crawl all over the kitchen floor and then throw them in a pot and boil them for supper.

On humid summer days, when the tarmac roads seem to quiver under the scorching heat and moving quickly only serves to soak you in sweat, Bermudians turn to the sea. When a stiff breeze whips up the 'white horses' offshore, windsurfers and sailboats leave their moorings in Hamilton Harbour where two yacht clubs are home to the island's keen sailing fraternity. The harbour also welcomes the luxury liners, laden with visitors waving from the deck rails, which steam into port from the West Indies and cities along the US Eastern Seaboard.

Bermuda's twisting narrow roads can prove a hair-raising experience for the uninitiated. They also cause



Jones

Evening over the harbour in Hamilton, Bermuda's capital.

headaches for the island's moderately conservative government, which has established a 20-mile-per-hour speed limit and banned families from owning more than one car in a bid to crack down on traffic snarls. Mopeds are thus the easiest way to get around—and certainly the most fun. Tourists, unused to manoeuvring in the left-hand lane British-style, wobble from bars to beaches and back until they get the hang of it. For Bermudian teenagers, turning 16 is synonymous not with gaining access to a set of car keys, but with getting a licence to ride a moped. (Driving a car is restricted until you turn 18.) Packracing is a favourite,

but illegal pastime among young daredevils who, much to the chagrin of the police, tamper with the engines of their mopeds, enabling them to travel at high speeds and terrorize other motorists.

Bermuda's apparently idyllic environment is nevertheless strangely claustrobic if you can't hop on a plane and stretch the narrow boundaries every so often. Many teenagers end up travelling to universities in Britain or North America, as Bermuda has none of its own. For those who don't have that opportunity, the initial charm of island life can fade as quickly as its rosy evening sunsets, leaving many to turn to drugs or crime for excitement.

These are a minority however. Bermudians, for the most part, form a friendly, close-knit community where the strongest ties are still family and religion. Racial harmony among the island's black and white citizens (who form 60 and 40 per cent of the population respectively) is also apparent.

And as much as I enjoy leaving 'The Rock' to experience life beyond its safe shores, I know there's no better feeling when I'm flying home again than to look through the clouds and see the string of isles lying on the silver sea far below like a desert mirage. For the tourists, that image may look like something out of this world. To me, it's just home, sweet home.

Rosemary Jones is in the fourth year of an honours degree in English and Spanish.

Are You Too Busy...?

A lot of people are too busy with their careers and families to keep up with government tax changes and therefore could be missing valuable tax saving and investment opportunities.

As your financial planner, I can help you to accumulate money or make your existing capital grow faster. It's my job to answer your concerns, advise you of any changes that may affect you and to continually monitor your financial affairs.

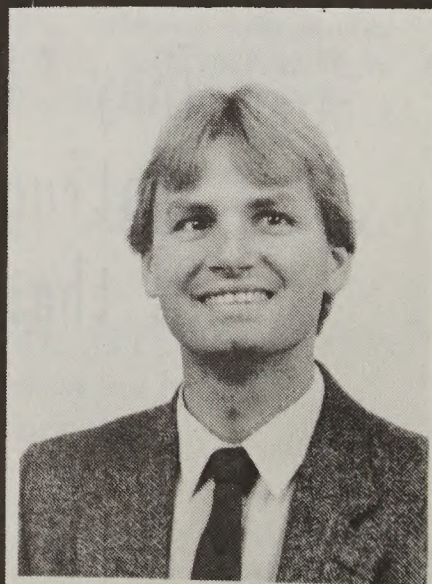
Many people and professionals come to us for peace of mind and personal service. If you have any questions or would like more information concerning our services call me today.

GARY DRAKE (of the Investors group).

542-4941—Office.

546-4713—Evenings.

IG Investors Group
PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE





UNIVERSITY PLAYSCHOOL

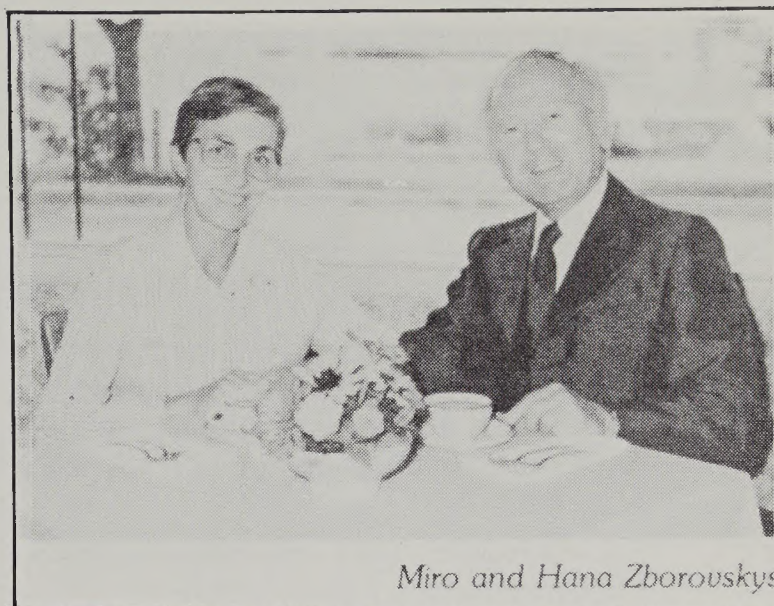
Like hooking them through the gills,
They string them on a line.
A school,
A prize catch.
They flip back and forth.
Instructed, mimickly,
As their minimum paid mothers watch on.

Paul Beck is a Ph.D. student in Biology.

THE GENERAL WOLFE HOTEL

Wolfe Island, Ontario Canada
For Sincere Dedication and
Outstanding Contribution to Tourism
in Ontario and Canada
through the Serving of Superb Food and Wine
coupled with Excellent Service and Hospitality.

OUR HOTEL WAS PRESENTED
"THE MERIT AWARD"
of CANADA'S YEAR OF TOURISM



Miro and Hana Zborovskys

. . . JUST A FEW MINUTES ACROSS THE HARBOUR — AT THE GENERAL'S, we are ready to help whenever you want to impress someone very special, or if you just feel like having a superb meal.

Ah, Kingston — where else can one board a boat while driving to a local restaurant? Spacious sky, swirling breezes and the sense of adventure that always comes with a trip over water, are a part of the dining out experience en route to THE GENERAL WOLFE HOTEL.

There are three dining rooms at The General's, overlooking the mighty St. Lawrence River with a magnificent panorama of Kingston. The service is friendly and quite a bit of it goes on right at the side of your table: preparing The Caesar Salad, Boning The Dover Sole, Flaming The Peppersteak, Carving The Chateau Briand, The Jubilee Flambée or The Crêpes Suzette, The General's Coffee.

The "A LA CARTE" Menu includes — The Hot and Cold Appetizers, The Soups, The Salads, The Fish, Seafoods, Game, Lamb, Pork and Beef. The desserts and The Beverages, as well as a fine list of Wines — Domestic and Imported, ranging from \$11.00 to \$90.00 per bottle.

At The General's for our Nouvelle Cuisine we have created a number of distinctive dishes. These specialties are drawn from the finest traditions of the World's Cuisine, but each bears the unmistakable stamp of modern culinary trends. It is in the freshest ingredients used and shorter processing methods that the Nouvelle Cuisine is founded.

Along with our exclusive "A LA CARTE" Menu, there is always available a choice of at least two "GOURMET DINNER SPECIALS". This five course "BILL OF FARE", usually starts with the French Onion Soup au Gratin, followed by the Caesar Salad created at your table. The ENTREE is served with two kinds of fresh vegetables and potatoes of the day. For ENTREE you can expect specialties of the House such as COQUILLES ST. JACQUES (baked Scallops with Champagne Sauce served in a shell) or FILET OF SOLE PONCHARTRAIN (filet braised in White Wine and lemon juice, topped with Shrimp and King Crab meat and Ponchartrain Sauce), DUCK A L'ORANGE (Long Island White Collar Duckling roasted and smothered in a delicious Orange Sauce), or PHEASANT A LA BOURGUIGNONNE (roasted Young Pheasant deglazed with Burgundy Sauce), ENTREECOTE DE BOEUF A LA MAITRE D' (Gold Medal Sirloin Steak with Lemon Parsley Butter) or TOURNEDOS A LA GENERAL (two centre cuts of Filet Mignon cooked in Country butter to your liking, crowned with Stuffed Mushrooms) and so on. THE BILL OF FARE continues with DESSERTS like PARFAITS AUX LIQUEUR, or ENGLISH TRIFLES, or FRESH STRAWBERRIES, or SABAYON AU GRAND MARNIER and with COFFEE or TEA. The price? All of it \$17.95, which could vary slightly with the season.

There is a lot of docking space at the General Wolfe Marina for our patrons coming by own boats, at no extra charge. Entertainment nightly. HOTEL ROOMS FROM \$25.00.

THE GENERAL WOLFE HOTEL . . . BOARD THE WOLFE ISLAND III FERRY
in downtown Kingston, enjoy the twenty minutes of romantic cruise across the harbour
free of charge, and land a couple of minutes away from our door step.

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL (613) 385-2611

Looking for a challenging and creative task for next year? Interested in great experience in writing, editing, administration and design? Want to meet interesting and talented people? Why not run for

Conduit Editor

After running *The Conduit*, past editors have:

worked for the United Nations, Queen's Park, CUSO and the Whig-Standard; attended the magazine program at the Banff School of Fine Arts, and the London School of Economics; and are now happy, healthy, talented, and successful. Who knows what the Conduit could do for you, or what you could do for *The Conduit*?

Candidates may run alone or as a two-person team. For further information, contact Larry or Ian at either 545-2736 or 545-3520, or drop by The Conduit office in room 051 in the John Deutsch University Centre. Interviews will be held in early March.

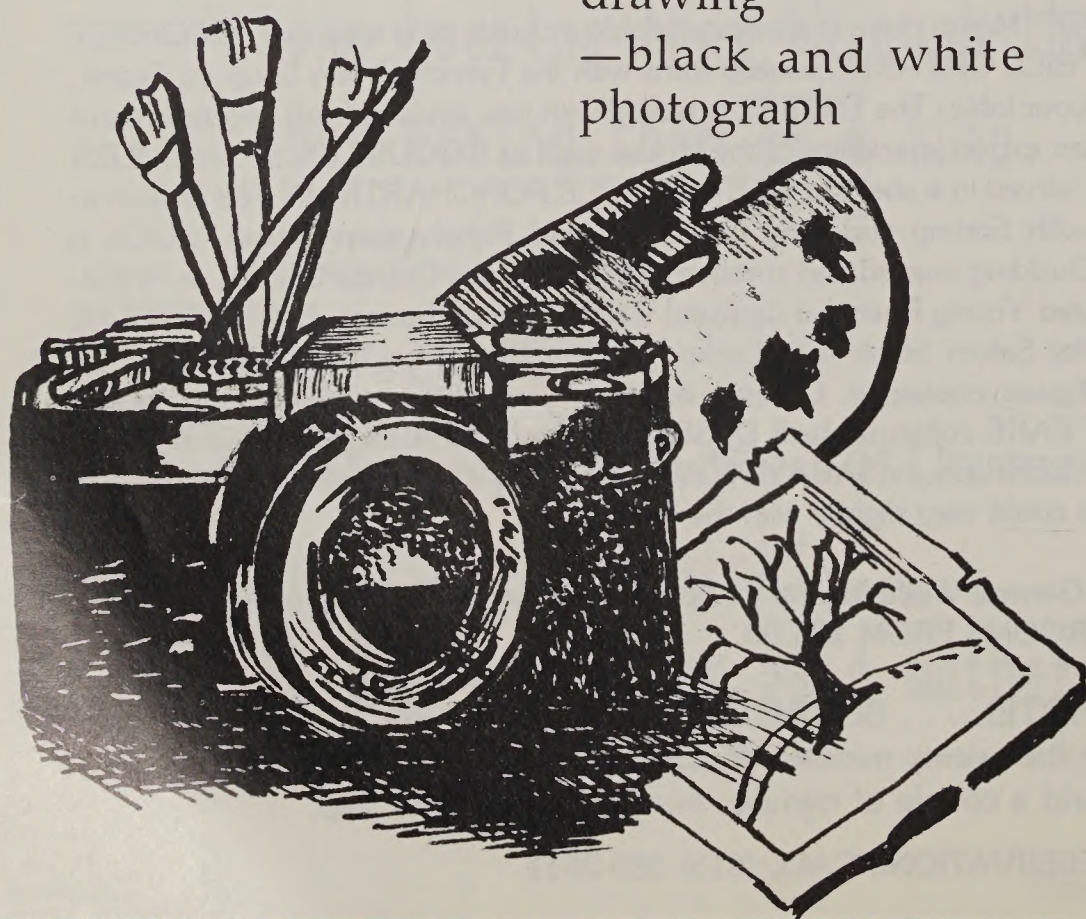
This is an opportunity you can't afford to pass up!

The editors and staff of *The Conduit Magazine* are pleased to announce the second annual:

Art and Photography Contest

Prizes will be for:

- black and white print or drawing
- black and white photograph



Contest winners will have their work published in the next issue of *The Conduit*. The winning print, drawing, or photograph will appear on the cover.

ENTRY DEADLINE

Tuesday, March 10

All entries should be brought to *The Conduit* office, room 051 in the John Deutsch Centre. For more information, please call Ian Malcolm at 545-3520 or Larry Bambrick at 545-2736.